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A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"During the greatest extension of this ice sheet in the last glacial epoch, in fact, all England, except a small south-western corner (about Torquay and Bournemouth), was completely covered by one enormous mass of glaciers, as is still the case with almost the whole of Greenland." (Grant Allen in "Falling in Love, and other Essays.")

"My realm," so rang a strange voice in my dream,

"Shall now be far extended as of old,
In those glad days when I was young, and drove

The feverish sun before me to the South!"
I looked, and lo! a withered form and wan,
Sceptred and crown'd, was throned upon a height—

A gleaming iceberg 'neath the Polar Star.
No living thing made answer, but the winds
Roused into moaning at the frozen cry.

Again he spake: "I have no care for life
Of bird or beast, or of that senseless tribe
Which plants, and sows, and weds, and wars,
and weeps;

To me more grateful seem wide wastes of
snow

Where all is dumb; or, if there must be sound,
I find my music in the hurtling hail,
And winds that wail their anguish in the dark;
Or in the ocean's thunder, when his waves,
Baffled, still beat upon the crystal floor
I spread for leagues about me as I move.

"To-night that island, fairest of the flood,
Which once was mine, I go to claim again.
There foolish folk are sleeping in their beds,
Who never more shall wake to see the sun.
The old will shiver when they feel me pass,
The young, unconscious, smiling, sleep in death.

No mercy, none, need man expect from me—
All, all shall perish in a single night!"

The voice was silent or I heard no more,
The terror of the vision made me start;
I woke—the dreamer of a wintry doom.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

Temple Bar.

CUPID'S VISIT.

I LAY sick in a foreign land;
And by me on the right,
A little Love had taken stand
Who held up to my sight
A vessel full of injured things,—
His shivered bow, his bleeding wings;
And underneath the pretty strew
Of glistening feathers, half in view,
A broken heart: he held them up
Within the silver-lighted cup
That I might mark each one; then pressed
His little cheek against my chest,
And fell to singing in such wise
He shook the vision from my eyes.

Academy.

MICHAEL FIELD.

"THE FORESTERS: ROBIN HOOD AND
MAID MARIAN."

CLEAR as of old the great voice rings to-day,
While Sherwood's oak-leaves twine with Ald
worth's bay,—

The voice of him, the master and the sire
Of one whole age and legion of the lyre,
Who sang his morning song when Coleridge
still

Uttered dark oracles from Highgate Hill,
And with new-launched argosies of rhyme
Gilds and makes brave this sombre tide of
time.

Far be the hour when lesser brows shall wear
The laurel glorious from that wintry hair—
When he, the lord of this melodious day,
In Charon's shallop must be rowed away,
And hear, scarce heeding, 'mid the plash of
oar,

The *ave atque vale* from the shore!

To him nor tender nor heroic muse
Could her divine confederacy refuse;
To him all nations' bards their secret told,
Yet left him true to this our island-hold;
Faultless for him the lyre of life was strung,
And notes of death fell deathless from his
tongue;

Himself the Merlin of his magic strain,
He bade old glories break in bloom again;
And so exempted from oblivion's doom,
Through him these days shall fadeless break
in bloom.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

RUSTICUS EXPECTAT.

So life, you say, must be a blank,
In this old house with crumbling eaves,
Set on an idle river's bank,
And girt about with leaves.

Slowly the spirit moves, in truth,
Beyond your urgent city's walls,
Your tilting-ground for hope and youth,
Where whoso lingers falls.

Yet, though we slumber on our lawn,
Full recompense the high gods give,
All the peculiar pomp of dawn,
That is so fugitive:

And birds that serenade the streams,
And secrets whispered in the grass,
And winds that waken from their dreams,
To tell them as they pass.

These are our books: therein we find
Lore that your city bustles by;
The lesson of a quiet mind,
Nature's philosophy.

Spectator.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CONCERNING LEIGH HUNT.

"WRITE me as one who loves his fellow men," are the words upon the stone under which lie the remains of Leigh Hunt. They were written by himself, and when the monument was erected to his memory in 1869, at Kensal Green, they were chosen by those who had known and loved him as the most appropriate to be inscribed over his grave.

If it is true that "love begets love" it was presumably the poet's gentle, kindly nature that inspired men of all sorts and conditions with a friendly feeling towards him. With his personality has passed away, save in the minds of a very small remnant, the memory of its power. That that power was remarkable is undoubted. Letters are now lying before the present writer addressed to him from Shelley, Keats, Browning, Carlyle, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others, containing such warm expressions of affection and esteem that one can hardly avoid regarding with a feeling akin to envy the favored individual into whose lap such treasures were poured.

A curious mixture of qualities appears to have existed in his nature. To a simple, childlike faith in human nature, and a strong, enduring love of humanity without respect to creed, politics, or opinions, was united a hearty and healthy detestation of many of its common weaknesses. He possessed a singular facility for adapting himself to the tone of mind of the companion of the moment, throwing himself with equal ease into the gaiety or gravity of his friend's mood, but always detecting and disapproving on the instant the slightest expression of anything that savored of want of charity or kindly feeling towards others.

His stern, unyielding aversion to pretence or sham resulted for him, as the world knows, in two years' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of 500*l.*, an episode to which he refers afterwards in simple words: "Much as it injured me, I cannot wish I had evaded it, for I believe that it has done good."

The circumstances, which may not be fresh in the minds of all readers, may be

briefly alluded to here. In two of the leading papers of the day had appeared some articles loaded with the most fulsome and extravagant eulogies on the prince regent, which awakened in Hunt a glow of honest indignation, and induced him to express in plain language his contempt for such toadyism in the pages of the *Examiner*, a newspaper which he started and edited jointly with his brother. The follies and vices of the regent were at that time a matter of common talk, but to make fearless and open allusion to them in a public journal was audacious. His own defence for what he wrote is contained in the following words: "Flattery in any shape is unworthy a man and a gentleman; but political flattery is almost a request to be made slaves. If we would have the great to be what they ought, we must find some means or other to speak of them as they are."

An extract from the offending article is here given, which, in its turn, supplies us with a very fair idea of the nature of the sentiments so fearlessly attacked by Leigh Hunt.

"What person," wrote the critic, "unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, on reading these astounding eulogies, that this 'Glory of the People' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches!—that this 'Protector of the Arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen!—that this 'Mæcenas of the Age' patronized not a single deserving writer!—that this 'Breather of Eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words, if we are to judge, at least, by what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal!—that this 'Conqueror of Hearts' was the disappointer of hopes!—that this 'Exciter of Desire' (bravo! Messieurs of the *Post*!) this 'Adonis in loveliness,' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal* prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half

a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

The times have indeed changed since flattery of so gross and outrageous a nature as drew forth this reproof could with impunity be poured forth as incense to the great, and be suffered to pass unnoticed and unchallenged by a multitude whose ears were, unfortunately, too well attuned to such revolting displays of sycophancy.

Leigh Hunt's manly and spirited attack "did good" in more senses than one. He was undoubtedly the pioneer of a better and more wholesome state of things. Men known to him by name only, as well as tried and true friends, rallied round him, spoke up boldly in his defence, and not in his defence only, but in hearty admiration of his fearless outspokenness. And here appears the bright side of his prison experiences; they resulted in the formation of many valued and lifelong intimacies between himself and those who were enabled to throw aside convention and range themselves on his side.

But there was also to be endured the heaviness of a first separation from his wife and little children, and Leigh Hunt was the man of all others to feel this keenly and bitterly. This little letter to his boy, which I find in my collection, shows us, I think, another side of his character when compared with the stinging *Examiner* diatribe which brought so much trouble on his head.

"Surrey Jail: May 17, 1813.

"MY DEAR, GOOD LITTLE THORNTON, — I am quite glad to hear of your getting so much better. Try not to cry when you go into the warm bath; for it would not be a 'horrid warm bath' if you knew all the good it did you — it would be a nice, comfortable warm bath. Your dear papa likes a warm bath very much. I am much obliged to you for the marbles; mama will give you a kiss from me for them, and you must give a kiss to mama for papa. Your little sunflower grows very nicely, and has got six leaves, four of them large ones.

"Your affectionate papa,
"LEIGH HUNT."

Another to his wife breathes the same spirit of fond affection:—

"Surrey Jail: May, 1813.

"MY DEAREST LOVE, — You may well imagine how your letter of yesterday relieved me, and what additional pleasure I received from the one of to-day. Your sorrow at having sent the former one delights while it pains me; but I knew you would feel as you do, and long to fold you in my arms to comfort you in return. I am glad Thornton bears his bathing so well. I am afraid that I did indeed omit to ask about his riding, but by the next post I hope to be able to send you the result of another application to Dr. Gooch, whom I have not yet seen. Pray take care of yourself, for if I only fancy you are getting these fits of illness upon you, with your head tumbling about the hard back of the chair and my arm not near to support it, I shall long to dash myself through the walls of my prison, though pretty well used to them by this time.

"I am rather better myself this afternoon, though I have a good deal of fever hanging about me, with a strange, full sensation in my head that seems as if it arose from deafness, though I hear as well as ever; it is, I believe, the remains of rheumatism, and I should not care a pin for all the bodily pain I feel if my spirits were not affected at the same time. But still, I am more capable of being amused than I was formerly; a little continuation of fine weather brings me about surprisingly, and by the time these strange vicissitudes of sky have gone past, and you and the summer come back again, I hope to be myself once more.

"Kiss my dear boys for me, and thank Thornton for his marbles. But you made me another present of the value of which you were not aware. I have been sleeping with a piece of flannel about my neck for some nights, after having my throat rubbed with hartshorn oil and laudanum, and last night I substituted the wadding, which was smoother and more comfortable. I need not say with what additional comfort I laid my cheek upon it, coming from you."

But the loss of liberty and freedom began to tell upon his health. He had every

opportunity for writing, and doubtless gave himself up too exclusively to his one resource, which was also to be pursued with all the more earnestness on account of the necessity for providing for those dear — though, alas! not near — to him. The constant strain of brain work, without the recreation and exercise necessary to fortify his frame to support it, could not fail to shake his rather fragile constitution. The following extract from a diary kept by him at this period is worth quoting: —

"Poetry," he writes, "is trying work if your heart and spirits are in it, particularly with a weak body. The concentration of your faculties, and the necessity and ambition you feel to extract all the essential heat of your thoughts, seem to make up that powerful and exhausting effect called inspiration. The ability to sustain this, as well as all other exercises of the spirit, will evidently depend in some measure upon the state of your frame; so that Dryden does not appear to have been altogether so fantastical in dieting himself for a task of verse; nor Milton, and others, in thinking their faculties stronger at particular periods; though the former, perhaps, might have rendered his caution unnecessary by undeviating temperance, and the latter have referred to the sunshine of summer, or the indoor snugness of frosty weather, what they chose to attribute to a lofty influence."

But while suffering keenly from the restrictions to which his genial nature rendered him peculiarly susceptible, his courage and the faith in his convictions appear to have remained unshaken. He was put to the test. An intimation was conveyed to him, and also to his brother John, who was undergoing imprisonment elsewhere, that if they were willing to abstain in future from any comments on the sayings and doings of his Royal Highness, the government would take measures to spare them both the fine and the imprisonment. These overtures were promptly declined. Without mutual consultation the brothers emphatically refused to give any promises on the subject whatsoever.

So strong was the public feeling excited by the severe measures taken against John and Leigh Hunt that it became almost im-

possible to disregard its voice. Steps were taken for the relaxation of many of the prison regulations hitherto relentlessly enforced; and finally, as the result of a letter written by Leigh Hunt to the governor of the prison, and which was probably perused (as it was intended to be) by other eyes than his, a very decided improvement for the better in their condition set in. The author's wife and children were allowed to live with him, in consideration of the delicate state of his health and the palpitations of his heart to which he was occasionally subject; and his urgent request that his friends, hitherto rigorously excluded, should be permitted to have access to him during the daytime was at length acceded to.

An era of brighter days now began. An extra room or two was to be had (for payment) in the prison, and the small preparations for the reception of his dear ones are from time to time referred to in the family letters. A gay wall paper was provided (of roses climbing over a trellis! — one can imagine some of our latter-day æsthetes fainting with horror at that which afforded so much pleasure); some bookshelves were put up and filled with familiar guests; and when loving hands busied themselves with putting finishing touches to the whole, the gloomy quarters seemed exchanged for something like a substitute for the home for which the prisoner had been pining. There was a tiny yard, too, outside this room, which was also considered his — "a vegetable and flower garden," he calls it, in compliment to a fine scarlet-runner he had planted, which did its best to enliven the little domain by flinging its bright red blossoms over the wall of lattice-work that divided it from the neighboring yard. "Here," he says, "I shut my eyes in my armchair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles away."

Leigh Hunt's eldest daughter was born in prison. "Never shall I forget my sensations when she came into the world . . . a thousand recollections rise within me such as I cannot trust myself to dwell upon," are the words in which he afterwards alludes to her advent. Some have talked of the "improvidence" of Leigh

Hunt, and he himself pathetically laments his incapacity for computation in money-matters. "I had not then learned to think about money," he remarks regretfully, in recording the trifling cost of the decoration of his prison home. Poor poet! did he in truth ever master that dreary lesson, so hard for the man who lives in a world of dreams and fancies, to acquire?

Carlyle, some of whose letters to Hunt I have, and shall presently quote, refers ill-naturedly to his weakness on this score, to their mutual friends. One is struck by the meanness of his insinuations against the friend whom face to face he delighted to honor; they compare oddly with the many expressions of regard to be found in his letters. It is a pity, and perhaps somewhat unfair, that the finer traits in the character of great men should serve to bring out in stronger relief their pettinesses.

I have heard it asserted, too, by those who delight in such "discoveries," that Charles Dickens's creation of Harold Skimpole owed its origin to his intimacy with Leigh Hunt.

Among my letters are many from Dickens to Hunt. I transcribe a specimen which indicates an appreciation of the poet hardly compatible with this theory. Let the reader judge for himself:—

"48 Doughty Street: Friday evening.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Here is the unhappy parcel which, after being safely booked and entered in my own mind as gone, has been lying on my table in the dust of 14 days. It contains the first four numbers of my new work, a portion of *Oliver Twist* (which you will find in two Miscellaneous volumes) and an American edition of *Pickwick*, which is curious from the singular vileness of the illustrations.

"Do me the favor to read *Oliver and Nickleby first*; of the latter work I have directed the publishers to send you all future numbers regularly; and of the former, I will send you more anon, if it interests you—an old stager—sufficiently.

"You are an old stager in works, but a young one in faith—faith in all beautiful and excellent things. If you can only find it in that green heart of yours to tell me one of these days, that you have met, in wading through the accompanying trifles, with anything that felt like a vibration of the old chord you have touched so often and sounded so well, you will confer the truest gratification on your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Leigh Hunt, Esq., etc., etc."

To my mind the pretty and courteous language of the great novelist speaks for itself. Who would willingly believe that the writer would wantonly hold up to public ridicule the friend for whom he appears to have had so sincere a regard?

That Hunt felt the pinch of poverty, and felt it very severely, cannot be denied. With an increasing family to support by the uncertain labors of the pen, and with health very far from robust, it was not extraordinary that his two years' confinement in prison, together with the enforcement of so heavy a fine (the fine was in reality 1,000*l.*; of which, I believe, his brother John was to pay half), should have so crippled his resources that the struggle to provide for the wants of wife and children was at times cruelly severe. But I cannot forbear quoting a few lines written by him to Trelawny which lie before me, and which I think of interest because they indicate that there was a time when he could afford to refuse, and *did* refuse in terms of gratitude, pecuniary assistance. I am entirely in ignorance of the circumstances, but I give the scrap, which reads pleasantly enough. It is dated July 14, 1823:—

"MY DEAR TRELAWNY,—Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer, which Mary was too good-natured to conceal from me. But I cannot accept it. No, I will take money where I feel it is in justice due to me, but I will *not* take it from a generous man who has already but too little to spare. You will therefore not think of sending it from Leghorn, as it will only put me to the trouble of sending it you back again to Greece, and deprive you of so much ready money the longer.

"Again, however, and again I thank you for the refreshment you have afforded my heart; you have done me a real service at all events. God bless you.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEIGH HUNT."

I find yet another extract which may offer a wholesome hint to many a "man of business" (which our poet, alas for his own interests! was certainly *not*). It is addressed to a house agent at Beckenham in Kent, and refers to a cottage in that district in which Hunt and his wife began their married life. The little house is found to be too damp and badly built for occupation, and the young couple are compelled, at considerable strain upon their slender purse, to abandon it for healthier quarters. The note begins with instructions for the removal of books, the

payment of bills, etc., and concludes in these words: "As to the cottage itself, Mr. H. can by no means reconcile it to his conscience to let it during the winter. If any one should be inclined to take it for the summer, which is not likely considering it is unfurnished and out of the road of coaches, well and good; but it is no more fit to stand rain and wind than a box of paper; and at such a time Mr. H. would rather keep it at the expense of his purse, than let it at the expense of his decency."

With regard to Hunt's intercourse with Carlyle after they became near neighbors at Chelsea, we find in Mrs. Carlyle's letters some apprehension expressed lest the intimacy which existed between the two families might become irksome. Carlyle himself, however, complains later on (Froude's *Reminiscences*) that Hunt comes very seldom, "for some reasons known to himself;" and to judge by the numberless little notes from Carlyle which are before me, scribbled in ink or pencil on scraps of paper of every conceivable size and shape, he would appear to have appreciated the poet's companionship. Here are a few samples.

"Do you go to Baron —? If you go, I go; if not, not. My only condition is that we set off soon. There is tea here 5 minutes hence if you will come over. — T. C."

"We are at home to-morrow and shall be right glad to see your face again. Ah me! had all the world such a conscience as Leigh Hunt! — T. C."

"Arthur Coningsby's Father and Mother are expected here to tea with us to-morrow: also the mathematical Mrs. Somerville and perhaps John Mill — all of them well affected towards you, and *good people* as people go.

"Will you come, and do us all a real kindness? Say '*yessir*,' or better still (for I am quite idle and solitary) come over straightway, and say it with the lips.

"Here is *Kean* again, with many thanks. — Yours always, T. C."

Besides these and many other fragments, I have long letters from Carlyle to Hunt which have never yet found their way into print, some of which I quote in full. Carlyle must have been an inveterate correspondent. How, one is tempted to ask, did these busy literary people find time to cover such reams of letter-paper in the pleasant interchange of book and other gossip? The letter given below, even in Carlyle's tiny, clear handwriting, covers several pages.

"18 Carlton Street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh:
28th Feby., 1833.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Last night, after tea, a Bookseller's Porter came in, with two Parcels; in one of which we found your two books and your letter; both of which kind presents awakened the grateful feelings here. As for your letter, written with such trustfulness, such patient, affectionate Hope, Faith, and Charity, I must report truly that it filled the heart, — in one of our cases even to *overflowing by the eyes*. We will not dwell on this side of it. Let me rejoice rather that I do see, on such terms, such a volume as yours. The free outpouring of one of the most purely *musical* natures now extant in our Earth; that *can* still be musical, melodious even in these harsh-jawing days; and out of all Discords and Distresses, extract Harmony and a mild Hope and Joy: this is what I call *Poetical*, if the word have any meaning.

"Most of these Pieces are known to me of old; you may be sure, in their collected shape, I shall carefully prize them, and reperuse them, for their own sake and yours.

"It was not till I had read your letter a second or even third time, that I found the date of it to be the 2nd of December! Where, whether at Moxon's or at Longman's, the Parcel may have lain hid these three months, can only be conjectured: I had determined, in any case, to write by return of post; and now, on that vexatious discovery, had almost snatched my pen, to write before I went to sleep; as if that could have got you a word a little sooner. It is very provoking; and to me at the moment doubly so, for a cheerful illusion was dispelled by it.

"Alas, then, it is too likely that sorrowful Paragraph we read in the Newspapers was true; and the modest hopes your letter was to impart to me were all mis-gone before its arrival! Would I could help you. Tell me at least without delay, how it stands, that we may know, if not what to do, at least what to wish. Meanwhile I again preach to you: Hope!

"Man," says a German friend of mine whom I often quote, 'is, properly speaking, founded upon Hope; this world where he lives is called the Place of Hope.'

"Time and chance, it is written, happen unto *all* men. Your good children, now like frail young plants, your chief care and difficulty, will one day stand a strong hedge around you, when the Father's hand is grown weary, and can no longer toil. Neither will the sympathy of kind

hearts, so far as that can profit, ever fail you.

"I too am poor, am sick; and, in these wondrous, chaotic times, dispirited; for moments, nigh bewildered. Let us study to hold fast and true even unto the death; and ever among the Sahara sands of this 'wilderness journey,' to look up towards loadstars in the blue, still Heavens! We were not made to be the sport of a Devil, or Devil's servants; my Belief is that a GOD made us, and mysteriously dwells in us.

"However, let us now turn over to a more terrestrial leaf, and talk of this journey to Craigenputtoch, which we here cannot consent to abandon. It is not a piece of empty civility, it is a firm, scientific conviction on my wife's part and mine, that you would both get and give true pleasure in our Nithsdale Hermitage. She says emphatically, I must *press* you to come. You shall have her Pony to ride; she will nourish you with milk new from the Galloway cow; will, &c., &c. In sober prose, I am persuaded it would do us all good. You shall have the quietest of rooms, the *firmest* of writing-desks: no soul looks near us more than if we were in Patmos: our day's work done, you and I will climb hills together, or saunter on everlasting moors, now cheerful with speech; at night the Dame will give us music; one day will be as peaceable and diligent as another. Why cannot you come? The way thither, and back again, is the simplest. You embark at your Tower Wharf in a Leith ship (smack, it is called), where under really handsome naval accommodation, sailing along shores which grow ever the finer, and from Flamborough Head onward can be called beautiful, you land at Leith, say after a voyage of four days, the whole charge Two pounds sterling. An omnibus takes you to the inn-door, whence that very night, if you like, a coach starts for Dumfries; and seventy miles of quick driving brings you safe into my old Gig, which in two hours more lands you at Craigenputtoch house-door; and you enter safe and *toto divisus orbe* into the oasis of the Whinstone Wilderness. Or there is another shorter daylight way of getting at us from Edinburgh; which a letter of mine could be lying here to describe and appoint for you. Will nothing be temptation enough? Nay, we are still to be here till the first week of April; could lodge you in this hired floor of ours, show you Edinburgh, and take you home with us ourselves. You must really think of this. Mrs. Hunt, for your

sake, will consent to make no objection. Your writing work, one might hope, would proceed not the slower, but the faster. You see two friends; innumerable stranger Fellow-men, and lay in a large stock of impressions that will be new, whatever else they be.

"As for the projected Book-parcel, fear not to overburthen me with Books: at home, I am quite ravenous for these. Fraser (Magazine Fraser) the Bookseller of Regent Street will take charge of anything for me, and have it forwarded; at the utmost for five-pence per pound. Or perhaps your better way (if the Colburns are punctual people) were to direct any Parcel simply 'to the care of Messrs. Bell and Bradburne, Edinburgh,' (with whom they *infallibly* communicate every Magazine-day), by whom, also at the lowest rate, such as themselves pay, it will be carefully forwarded.

"My Paper is nigh done; yet I have told you little or nothing of our news. The truth is happily there is almost none to tell. Mrs. Carlyle is still sickly, yet better than when you saw her; and rather seems to enjoy herself here,—almost within sight of her birthplace. For me I read Books and scribble for better for worse. We left home some two months ago, once more to look at men a little. The style of thought and practice here yields me but little edification; as indeed any extant style thereof does not yield one much. I too have some of your 'old same-faced Friends;' and rummage much in the Libraries here, searching after more. A thing on 'Diderot' of my writing will be out by and by in the *F. Q. Review*.

"This sheet comes to you under cover to the Lord Advocate. If he calls on you some day with a card of mine, you will give him welcome. He is a most kindly, sparkling, even poetic man; with a natural drawing towards all that is good and generous. Fortune has made strange work with him; 'not a Scottish Goldoni, but a whig Politician, Edinburgh Reviewer, and Lord Advocate:' the change, I doubt, has not been a happy one.

"And now, my dear Sir, good-night from both of us, and peace and patient endeavor be with you and yours! We shall often think of you. Write soon, as I have charged you.

"Ever faithfully,

"T. CARLYLE."

It does not appear that any of these "short and easy routes" (of six days'

journey, or thereabouts!) for reaching the Carlyles' Scottish home commended themselves to Hunt, for shortly after Carlyle writes again as follows:—

"Craigputtock: 29th October, 1833.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is above two long months since the sight of your handwriting last gratified me at Dumfries. I was there in person, I remember; and read the kind, lively sheet, with a pipe and tumbler (of water), taking with double relish 'mine ease at my inn.' Why I have not answered sooner, looks foolish to tell. I waited for 'opportunities;' had but *one* and missed it by pressure of haste. A Reformed Parliament having now, by Heaven's grace, taken itself into retirement, there are henceforth no 'opportunities' possible. What can I do but what I should have done six weeks ago—*make* an opportunity? You shall pay thirteen pence and odds into His Majesty's impoverished Exchequer; and on this long sheet get talk from me enough:—soon, I hope, through the same channel, repaying with interest, to the Patriot King's benefit and mine.

"Your new situation looked so cheerful and peaceful, I almost fear to inquire what it has become. Chances and changes hardly leave us a week at rest in this fearful Treadmill of a World. The prophet said 'Make it like unto a wheel:' that is the kind of wheel I think we are made like unto. Meanwhile, ever as I figure you, that cheerful Tree, seen from your window, rises leafy and kind on me; I can hardly yet consent to have it leafless, and its kind whisper changed into a loud October howl. Be patient, and nestle near the chimney corner: there is a Spring coming. Nay, as I hope, one day, an Eternal Spring, when all that is dead and deserved not to die, shall bloom forth again, and live forever!

"You must tell me more specially what you are doing. How prospers your Poem? Has the winter checked it; or is it already branching out to defy all storms both of outward and of inward weather?

"I see nothing here; scarcely more of you than a small 'wishing-cap' incidentally in *Tait*, and even that not lately. The Newspapers told us you had been engaged for the Theatrical department of some new *Weekly True Sun*: I can hardly imagine it, or you would have sent us an old paper, some day, by way of sign. The whole Literary world seems to me at this time to be little other than Chaos come again; how should I see your course in

it, when I cannot see my own? This only is clear for both of us, and for all true men: mix not, meddle not with the accursed thing there; swim stoutly, unweariably, 'if not towards landmarks on the Earth, then towards leadstars in the Heaven!' For the rest, as our good Scotch adage has it: Fear nothing earthly; there is ever Life for the Living.

"Since I wrote last, I have read all your Poems; the whole volume, I believe, without missing a line. If you knew with what heart-sickness I in general take up a volume of modern rhymes, and again with a silent curse of Ernulphus (for where were the good of making a spoken one?), lay it down, this fact would have more meaning for you. I find a genuine tone of *music* pervade all your way of thought: and utter itself, often in the gracefulest way, through your images and words: this is what I call your vocation to Poetry: so long as this solicits you, let it in *all* forms have free course. Well for him that *hath* music in his soul! Indeed, when I try Defining (which grows less and less my habit), there is nothing comes nearer my meaning as to poetry in general than this of *musical thought*: the unpardonable poetry is that where the word only has rhythm, and the Thought staggers along dislocated, hamstrung, or too probably rushes down altogether in shameful inanition. One asks, *why* did the unhappy mortal write in *rhyme*? That miserablest, decrepit Thought of his cannot even walk (with crutches); how in the name of wonder shall it *dance*? But so wags, or has wagged the world literary: till now, as I said, the very sight of *dancing*, drives an old stager like me quick into another street. More tolerable were the Belfast Town and Country Almanack, more tolerable is the London Directory, or McCulloch's Political Economy itself in the Day of Judgment than these! To come a little to particulars: we all thought your 'Rimini' very beautiful; sunny brilliancy and fateful gloom most softly blended, under an *atmosphere* of tenderness, clear and bright like that of Italian Pictures. Beautifully *painted*; what it wanted to be a *whole* (and a picture) I believe you know better than I. 'Leander' also dwells with me; I think, that of his 'bursting into tears,' when he feels the waves about to beat him, is eminently natural. Thank you also for the two children's pieces; I remember, some seventeen years ago, seeing 'Dick's' one quoted by a Quarterly Reviewer, as an instance of 'bad taste' (may the Devil, in his own good time, take

'taste,' and make much of it!); but the effect on me quite baulked the Reviewer. In the same Article, I first saw that picture of the mother ('a poor, a pensive, but a happy one'), singing as she mended her children's clothes, when they were all asleep; and never lost it, or am like to lose it.

"You shall now get quit of criticism; and hear a little about Craigenputtoch. For a long while, for eight or nine months almost, I have not been idle, yet fallow; *writing* not a word. A cynical extravaganza of mine is indeed beginning to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, and will continue there till you are all tired of it; but it was written wholly three years and a half ago: it was some purpose of publishing it as a Book that brought me up to London. The last thing I wrote was a 'Count Cagliostro' in that extraordinary Periodical. When I shall put pen to paper next is quite a problem. It ought to be when I have *mended my ways*; for nothing is so clear to me at present as that, outwardly and inwardly, I am *all in the wrong*. I believe, one is hardly ever all in the right. Let us not mourn over that. But the strange thing at present with me is the outward economic state of Literature. Bookselling I apprehend to be as good as dead; without hope of revival, other than perhaps some galvanic one; the question therefore arises, what next is to be done? A monstrous question, which I think it may take two centuries to answer well. We, in the mean time, must do — the best we can. I have various projects, some of which may become purposes; I reckon, I may see you again in London by and by, for one thing.

"This winter, at all events, and who knows how much more, we mean to spend here in the depths of the wilderness; divided from all men. Probably it may be a healthier winter; probably a happier and useful one. London I liked much, but the fogs and smoke were pestiferous; Edinburgh I find has left but a sad impression of hollowness and dulness on me: however, both might yield profit; and now a solitary winter, filled to overflowing with Books (for I have discovered a Library here), may be the profitablest of all. You, as a determined Book-moth, will appreciate my felicity, when you hear that I read some ten hours often at a sitting, divided by *one*, for a walk, which I take like physic. My head grows a perfect 'Revolt of Paris'; nothing occurring to divert me; only the little Table-clock (poor little fellow) suggesting now and

then that I am still in the world of time. I fall asleep at last towards midnight, amid the Cannon volleys, shrieks and legislative debates, the laughter and tears, of whole generations; — for it is mainly History and Memoirs that I am reading. Now and then I shall perhaps write something, were it only for Prince Posterity. Thus you see us with winter at our door; but with huge stacks of fuel for the body's warmth, and for the mind's.

"A benevolent artist arrived lately, moreover, and rehabilitated the Piano: a little music is invaluable to me; better than sermons; winnows all the bitter dust out of me, and for moments makes me a good man.

"Pray think of us often; send now and then a Paper Messenger through the snow to us; to which I will not fail to reply.

"I had innumerable questions to ask you about matters literary in London. Who manages the New Monthly Magazine now? For I see Bulwer has given it up long ago. What else is stirring? Pray tell me all you can think of, about such things: remember that here simply *nothing* reaches me of its own accord. Do you know an English Book, of date 1709, reprinted some twenty years ago, named 'Apuleius' Golden Ass'? I fancied it a translation of the old story; found it only an Imitation; full of questionable and of unquestionable matter. It surprised me a little; especially as a Queen Anne performance. Farther, can you in few words inform me who or what Sir Egerton Brydges is? Was his 'Censura' published in London? Much of it is perfectly useless for me; but the man has a small vein of real worth in him, and knows several things: the whining in his Prefaces struck me as the strangest. I still continue to wish much you would undertake the 'Life of Hazlitt;' though in my ignorance of the position matters stand in, to *advise* it were beyond my commission. Of all imaginable Books *True Biographies* are the best, the most essential. Hazlitt *should not* be forgotten. How I have lamented too that Porson studied, and drank, and rhymed, and went to the Devil, in vain! Peter Pindar too! We should have *Lives* of all such men: not of the 'respectable' sort (far from it!); but of the *true* sort; painted *to the life*, as the men actually looked and were. There are hardly any readable *Lives* in our language except those of Players. One may see the reason too.

"But now, alas, has my time come. Accept in good part this flowing gossip.

If I had you here, you should have ten times as much. Answer me soon, though I have no right to ask it. Our kindest regards to Mrs. Hunt to Thornton and all the rest; not forgetting that smallest *listening Philosopher*, who has forgot me though I have not him. Adieu!

"Ever faithfully,

"T. CARLYLE."

The two letters given below from Carlyle to Hunt are short, but characteristic. The first, which is undated, runs as follows:—

"I had thought of sending over to you for a loan of these two belligerent *Captains*; the more welcome to me is your gift, for which many kind thanks. I read the book over last night without rising (*sedens pede in uno*). What Aristotle and the Schlegels, or even the British Able Editors might say of it I know not; but to me it seemed to be a real *song*, and to go dancing with real heartiness and rhythm in a very handsome way, through a most complex matter. — To me you are infinitely too kind; but it is a fault I will not quarrel with.

"Here are, too, wall-flowers, pledge of the Spring and of Hope. Why do you not come to see me? Depend upon it, whatever hinders is most probably a mistake or an absurdity.

"Jeffrey is in Town; he that was Francis and is My Lord,—somewhat of the Francis having oozed out (I fear) in the interim. He 'will, with the greatest pleasure' come hither to meet you some night. Will you come? That is to say, will you *actually* come? Pray do not promise if it is to embarrass you.

"Depend on the goodwill and perfect trust and esteem of both me and mine. I know you do care for it.

"Always most truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The second is headed, "Chelsea: 3 Jany. 1858."

"DEAR HUNT,—I received your kind note, which was very welcome to me. The handwriting on the cover was like the knock of an old friend at the door. By a later post the same day the magazine arrived, for which you must report me much obliged to Mr. Moran.

"I am crushed down with contemptible, overwhelming labor this long time; scarcely able to keep alive under it at all,—at it night and day for 18 months past, cut off from the cheerful faces of my fellow creatures, and almost from the light of the

sun at this season—to rummage a hundred waggon-loads of contemptible *marine stores*, and weld out of them a malleable bar of any kind: it is such a job, now in my old days, as was never laid on me before;—and what perhaps is worst of all, I intrinsically set no value on the beggarly enterprise, and have only one wish or hope about it, that now I had done with it, for ever and a day! There is at last fair prospect that I shall be out of the First Part in May coming.

"Mr. Moran, or any other friend of yours, may have half an hour of me, whenever he resolves to send up your card. If he wait till May he may find me (it is to be hoped) a much saner man than now—but he may take his choice.

"I remain ever, dear Hunt,

"Yours sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

Readers of "Frederick II." may be interested in learning that in the eyes of its author the book was a "beggarly enterprise," and one in which he apparently took no interest whatever. I think there can be no doubt that this was the work alluded to, which he was struggling to push to a climax in the beginning of the year 1858. It was commenced in 1845, and the first volume appeared in the summer of 1858. Thirteen years of "contemptible overwhelming labor" would certainly be enough to account for the desperate condition of mind which the foregoing letter indicates. In another, he chafes at what he is pleased to call the "Prussian Blockheadism" with which he is forced to cope at this period. One can sympathize with the feeling of intense relief and satisfaction which must have inspired him when he dashed off the concluding words of the sixth and last of the bulky volumes: "Adieu, good readers: bad also, adieu."

"The sea is a grand sight," writes Leigh Hunt in reference to his voyage to Italy in the November of 1821, "a grand sight, but it becomes tiresome and melancholy—a great monotonous idea—at least one thinks so when not happy."

A bold undertaking in those days especially, to set out in the dreariest season of the year in company with an invalid wife, many small children, and the slenderest possible purse, in search of a home in a foreign land. But his sanguine and unpractical temperament would not allow him to see difficulties and drawbacks to a plan which was suggested and urged upon him by those for whom he had so strong

a regard. Byron was abroad, and from him came glowing accounts of the desirability of a scheme which he proposed—namely, that Hunt should join himself and Shelley in setting up a Liberal publication in Italy, which, besides its supposed pecuniary advantages, was to ensure new adherents to the cause of liberty. He insisted also upon the entire adaptability of the Italian towns to the needs and requirements of Hunt and his family.

Shelley, who had taken up his abode at Pisa, again and again urged his coming. Hunt longed to join them—to see Italy was the dream of his life; and when, added to their entreaties, a doctor's opinion was given that the change might be in every way beneficial to Mrs. Hunt, he hesitated no longer. He afterwards admits "it was not very discreet (Autobiography) to go many hundred miles by sea in winter time with a large family; but a voyage was thought cheaper than a journey by land. It was by Shelley's advice that I acted, and I believe if he had recommended a balloon, I should have been inclined to try it." Shelley's counsel was characteristic; he says casually, as if the whole business was the merest trifle in the world, "Put your music and books on board a vessel, and you will have no more trouble." The babies little and big, the delicate wife, and the numberless impedimenta accompanying so serious an undertaking as the removal of a large family to such distant quarters, need not apparently be taken into account when the "books and music" were once safely deposited on board. I must also quote a sentence here from an unpublished letter written by Shelley to Thomas Jefferson Hogg, which I have in my collection, and which alludes to this matter; a word or two in the extract given indicating that the poet's advice, though not necessarily insincere, was nevertheless not so entirely disinterested as Hunt may have thought it.

"You have perhaps heard," he writes to Hogg, "of my iniquity in seducing Hunt over to Italy. *He is coming* with all his children to Pisa: what pleasure it would give him, me, and all of us if you would follow his example; but law, that disease inherited from generation to generation, that canker in the birthright of our nature, that sieve through which our thoughts flow as fast as we pour them in, pens you in London at least for the greater part of the year."

Shelley was apparently fond of collecting around him his friends and acquaintances, but in this matter of the Hunt

exodus it is evident, by the foregoing words, that he entertained some slight misgiving that the advantages to the latter might be qualified.

Of the sea voyage, its preposterous duration, its many vicissitudes, and its happy termination, we have an interesting record elsewhere.

The discovery, some time after the vessel had started, that she carried, besides sugar, a surreptitious cargo of gunpowder on board, which was being conveyed to Greece, was not calculated to soothe the nerves of the invalid, whose thoughts incessantly dwelt on the unpleasant vicinity of so undesirable a neighbor, until peril and storm inspired her with new, and not ill-founded apprehensions.

It seems to have been a strange and trying experience, even for those days of difficult locomotion. A collision occurred on the second day after leaving port, the jibboom being carried away and one of the bulwarks broken in, and the entire voyage appears to have been enlivened by gales the most tremendous the captain had ever witnessed. Incredible as it may seem to us in these days of rapid progression, December 22, more than a month after she left the Thames, saw the brig Jane putting into Dartmouth harbor for a pause and breathing space! Here Hunt and his family took final leave of her; and after spending some weeks at Plymouth, mainly on account of Mrs. Hunt's health, embarked again in the David Walter, of Carmarthen, which called for the family at Plymouth—this time in more promising weather, and with better chances for a favorable termination to their travels. A glance at Hunt's graphic account of the troubles encountered on board will satisfy the reader that he had, in all probability, the best grounds in the world for the opinion quoted above—that the sea can be "tiresome and melancholy" as well as grand.

The poet's appreciation of sunny skies and romantic scenery was unbounded; the very names of many of the Italian villages he describes as "alluring;" yet his spirit was at times weighed down with the difficult problem of ways and means, and he exerted himself to the full to work, as well as to admire, in order to satisfy the demands of his little family. To the picturesqueness and beauty of his surroundings we are doubtless indebted for much that is fine in his writings at this period. One recalls the beautiful and enthusiastic language he uses with reference to his entrance to the Mediterranean sea, and

the host of classical and romantic memories which must have assailed him, crowding upon the natural beauties of the scene, for the first time spreading out before his eyes. How changed, alas! must have been his feelings at a future time, when, homeward bound, after the lapse of a very few years, he reflected that the same blue waters had remorselessly closed over the head of the man he so dearly loved!

Among his letters from Italy are some charming ones addressed to his wife's sister, Elizabeth Kent, to whom he was greatly attached. She it was who, on one memorable occasion when a lovers' quarrel, assuming formidable dimensions, was threatening to separate him effectually from his *fiancée* (then only fifteen or sixteen years of age!), had vigorously stepped into the breach at a critical moment, restored the interrupted harmony, and managed to place matters once more on a satisfactory footing. This service Leigh Hunt never forgot, his affection for "Bebs" being, as he reminds her in a letter I have somewhere seen, "greater than for any other human being next to my wife and family." She was also frequently the companion of his solitude in Surrey Jail, and when the delicate health of her children obliged Mrs. Hunt to remove them, during Hunt's imprisonment, to the seacoast, it was to Elizabeth she looked to supply her place in caring for the well-being and comfort of her husband during her enforced absence.

I transcribe a letter written from Italy to this favorite sister-in-law:—

"Florence: 26 Feby., 1824.

"DEAREST BEBS,—When I tell you that I am preparing to send off eight articles for the *Examiner* on Tuesday, you will not wonder that I do not write you a longer letter. My next shall be a good crammed one. You will be glad to hear, however, that I have got through these articles much better than I expected, and am altogether, indeed, much better in health. If I go on as I do, I shall take a great stride in health, thanks to certain illustrious games at *hop-scotch* which I play every day with the boys at 12 o'clock in a great room here. At that time, till you hear to the contrary, you must fancy me jerking my great black locks up and down like a schoolgirl, on one leg, and winning eight games out of twelve.

"So, Bebs mine, you were not at all in an ill-humor with me, and never have been since I have been away. Well, I was going to say, like an Irishman, I am very

sorry for it—I mean the idea of rebuking you without cause is very grievous to me, and I am not sure, all things considered, that I would not rather have had a confession from you that you had been in a good handsome pet, followed up by a still handsomer repentance.

"The very greatest pleasure you can give me at this distance is to show yourself superior to the humors of others (as you do, indeed, at home in a noble manner), especially when you reflect that I would rather please you than all other women put together, your sister excepted, anxious as I am to do good and give pleasure where I can.

"And now, Bebs mine, what shall I crowd into the rest of this letter to give you comfort after giving you pain? Fancy all I would do to give it to you, and take it as well as you can.

"Do you recollect a favorite spot of yours at Hampstead called *the Ridge*, with wood underneath it? There is one here as like it as it can stare. I have just been casting my eyes upon it, and fancying myself with you. Fancy yourself dancing with joy upon it here, which you would surely do if you came; I mean—*will* do when you come. And now I mention this, pray let me know in your next what hopes and prospects you have of your own on that point. I never lose sight of them as far as I am concerned. Why cannot you meet with another offer to bring you over? I have more than hinted as much to the Novellos in case they come.

"Pray, when you write again, do not waste a good whole sheet of paper, and very properly and closely written too, on such long explanations about *other people*. Tell me, if you can, of every hair of your own head, and write as small and closely as you can, and cram your paper with everything that can give you pleasure, and nothing that can give you pain: for this is the way all existence should be crammed for you, if it could be, by your ever affectionate friend, L. H."

On Shelley's tragic end it would be superfluous to enlarge here. The final shock to Leigh Hunt was broken, in a manner, by the week of agonizing suspense which preceded the finding of the body, during which time he, in company with Lord Byron and Edward Trelawny, was straining every nerve in unremitting effort to discover the missing boat and the fate of its occupants. To Trelawny the tragedy was doubled in its intensity, owing to the affection he entertained for Mr. Williams,

Shelley's companion at the time. The following letter written by him to Hunt, when the object of their search was painfully accomplished, will give some idea of his terrible loss:—

"DEAR HUNT,—Will you break the news by writing to —. I could have borne up against anything but this; but this last heavy blow has unmanned and overwhelmed me. I have felt some relief in your sympathy, or I could not have gone through in this new trial before me; it has awoken me from the morbid state of despair I have been in since hope left me for the dreadful certainty that I have lost all which made existence to me endurable—nay, a pleasure. All my feelings of friendship and affection were kept alive and concentrated in them, and are buried with them. Henceforth, I will shun all such ties; but it is needless, for I shall never again meet such beings to call them forth.—Yours,

"EDWARD TRELAWNY."

If agony of mind could "unman" Trelawny, it does not appear that physical pain had power to do so. Robert Browning, who travelled to Leghorn some time after, mainly, as he says, to speak with the man who had "known Byron, and seen the last of Shelley," records his amazement at Trelawny's marvellous indifference to bodily suffering—the operations of a surgeon who, during the greater part of the interview between them, was engaged in probing for a bullet in Trelawny's leg, not appearing in the least to disconcert him, or to interrupt the conversation upon indifferent subjects that proceeded during almost all the time.

To Shelley's funeral pyre Leigh Hunt tells us he added a little volume of Keats (*The Lamia*, etc.) which he himself had lent him only a few days previously, and which was found open in his coat-pocket when the catastrophe occurred which was to startle and horrify the world. Keats's poetry was greatly admired by Shelley and Hunt (as readers of the former's "*Adonais*" and the latter's "*Imagination and Fancy*" can testify) and was a frequent subject of discussion between them. Shelley's beautiful description of the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, where the body of Keats was laid, will be remembered; strange chance that the same spot should be afterwards destined to receive his own remains!

Of Keats's letters to Hunt I have several, but as I believe them to have been already published in some form or other I

will give only a short one which I have never seen in print. It is undated and is written from Hampstead, and would be comparatively unimportant in itself, save that it proceeds from that pen which was so early to be laid aside forever.

"Wentworth Place.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—You will be glad to hear I am going to delay a little time at Mrs. Brawn's.

"I hope to see you whenever you can get time, for I feel really attached to you for your many sympathies with me, and patience at all my *lunes*.

"Will you send by the bearess Lucy Vaughan Lloyd?

"My best remembrances to Mrs. Hunt.

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN KEATS."

The fortunes and vicissitudes of Italy in her struggles for liberty and freedom were at all times a matter of the most profound interest to Leigh Hunt. I have heard that fervent hopes for her well-being and prosperity were mingled with his last earthly thoughts. It was probably during his stay in the South that he became known to Joseph Mazzini, a letter from whom is given below. One is struck with the marvellous command of English displayed by the Italian, and may be the less surprised that the enthusiastic addresses to his fellow-countrymen, passionately poured forth in his native tongue, should have struck so deep and wide-sounding a note. The handwriting is very quaint and not easy to decipher.

"DEAR SIR,—I know that the 'Address of the International League' has been sent to you with a wish that you should give your name to the Council of Association. Should the aim of the League be an exclusively English one, I would not venture to meddle, or speak a word about it.

"But its aim is, in its substance, European, and its existence will prove, I fully know, of great importance amongst others to my own country. Every token of sympathy from foreign countries, and especially from England, imparts strength to our National party.

"Fallen nations, like fallen individuals, rise only through love and esteem. Your name is known to many of my countrymen; it would no doubt impart an additional value to the thoughts embodied in the League. It is the name, not only of a patriot, but of a high literary man and a poet. It would show at once that *national*

questions are questions not of merely *political* tendencies, but of feeling, eternal trust, and godlike poetry. It would show that poets understand their active mission here down, and that they are also prophets and apostles of things to come.

"I was told only to-day that you had been asked to be a member of the League's Council, and felt a want to express the joy that I too would feel at your assent.

"Believe me, dear sir, ever faithfully yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI."

To return to England, where the family took up a temporary abode at Highgate, seems, in spite of many pleasurable impressions of the sojourn abroad (mingled, unfortunately with some mournful ones), to have afforded unmixed satisfaction. He finishes one chapter of the autobiography, after eulogizing the brightness and beauty of Italian women, by saying: "It was a blessed moment, nevertheless, when we found ourselves among those dear sulky faces — the countrywomen of dearer ones, *not* sulky. May we never be without our old fields again in this world, or the 'old familiar faces' in this world, or in the next."

Of Browning's acquaintance with Hunt I can find little trace; yet there must have been an intimacy of some sort between them, if one may judge by the following affectionate words from both husband and wife which lie before me, and of which I give Mrs. Browning's first.

"39 Devonshire Place, Saturday.

"MY DEAR MR. HUNT, — I heard from Mr. — yesterday that there was a chance for us, for one day in the coming week. Shall it be Tuesday? What pleasure we shall have on Tuesday, in that case!

"We shall hope for it, at least — and we may certainly besides be very glad that you are practically loosed from the bonds of your anxiety about Mrs. Hunt.

"Let me remain, with affectionate thoughts from both of us,

"Your grateful

"ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

"And when you come I will try to correct the carelessness of the bookseller in respect to the books."

From among several of Browning's letters which I have, I select the following:

"39 Devonshire Place.

"MY DEAR MR. HUNT, — I suppose this will be the last word I write in England — we go to Italy to-morrow. You know, I am sure you know, how we should have delighted in speaking, rather than

writing it, though spoken good-byes are sad. I wish, with all my heart, we had seen you, or been able to go and see you. It was impossible a week or two ago, when my wife returned from the country tired and unwell: and afterwards business kept us both at home. I wish I had neglected business and shaken your hand once again. Next year will not be too late, however, to repair many omissions. We hope to return and find you as we found you — just *so*, except that your health may be amended, and that of Mrs. Hunt restored. Nay, I will 'wish' as gloriously as a child, for more exquisite poems beside, such as those you last gave us, and after *that*, I pull off the wishing-cap. But of the two blessings I choose your health, for the poems are done, and effectually.

"My wife's new edition will reach you directly; it lay at the publisher's and I reclaimed it — but the paper was thin, the early copy was but a bundle of 'revises.'

"The new book will follow in about three weeks, and we should be happy indeed if you saw an advance there.

"Is it safe and right, or seemingly impudent if I add that a word thrown into the post without further formality to R. or E. B. B. *Florence*, would make our hearts leap beyond most good news? I am bold to write this for my wife's sake, you can understand.

"She sends all of love and admiration that a letter can pretend to carry, and you are assured of their sincerity by

"Your ever affectionate and grateful

"ROBERT BROWNING."

I have already given a letter from Charles Dickens to Leigh Hunt, and I now transcribe two more — slight in themselves but interesting in their difference in style, betraying so evidently that they proceed from "the pen of a ready writer."

"1 Devonshire Terrace, Third January, 1843.

"MY DEAR HUNT, — Next Friday, Twelfth Night, is the anniversary of my son and heir's birthday; on which occasion a Magic Lantern and divers other engines are going to be let off on these premises.

"I have asked some children of a larger growth (all of whom you know) to come and make merry on their own account. If you be well enough to join us, and will do so by half-past seven, you will give my wife and myself great pleasure, and (I think I may predict) Leigh Hunt no pain.

"Always faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"P.S. — I fancied there was the slightest possible peculiarity in your speech last night. Just an elaborate show of distinctness — a remarkably correct delivery — an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the language, with the faintest smack of wine running through it. This was mere fancy, I suppose?"

The letter following takes us behind the scenes a little, giving some insight into the *modus operandi* of that laboratory, so to speak, whence issued so many happy results.

"Tavistock House, Friday, Fourth May, 1855.

"MY DEAR HUNT, — I have been so constantly engaged and occupied since I came home from Paris, that I have never (as you know) got to your teapot, though I have very often (as you don't know) paved the road to Hammersmith with good intentions.

"I am now, to boot, in the wandering — unsettled — restless — uncontrollable [*sic*] state of being about to begin a new book. At such a time I am as infirm of purpose as Macbeth, as errant as Mad Tom, and as rugged as Timon. I sit down to work, do nothing, get up and walk a dozen miles, come back and sit down again next day, again do nothing and get up, go down a Railroad, find a place where I resolve to stay for a month, come home next morning, go strolling about for hours and hours, reject all engagements to have my time to myself, get tired of myself, and yet can't come out of myself to be p'asant to anybody else.

"In which disjointed state I am afraid to trust myself to the chance of verbally thanking you for the delightful volume you have sent me, within so short an interval after its receipt as may save me from the suspicion of having neglected it.

"Therefore, I write to thank you for it — to assure you that, even in my unalaid-Ghost-like plight, I have renewed with the utmost pleasure my acquaintance with those old friends.

"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

Here are two short letters from Thackeray when in a convivial frame of mind, one referring to a coming, and the other to a passing year, and both containing invitations to dinner.

"3 January, 1847.

"MY DEAR HUNT, — I have not only not had time to thank you for the 'Jar of Honey:' but I have not even tasted any of it — nor of Tennyson's Medley — hav-

ing been so consumedly occupied with business, and with Jollification subsequently, in these latter days.

"We have had supper parties, singing parties, dinner parties, headaches, rather, in the morning, &c. But the week must not pass over without saying Hail to Leigh Hunt!

"Last week we were to have met at the Procters', but I forgot and you were ill. Can we not meet anywhere this week? For instance, to-morrow at five, there will be two woodcocks, presented by Mr. J. O'Connell, and you shall have a bit or not as you like, and with or without an answer.

"My dear Hunt, I wish you an H.N.Y.
"Yours ever,
"W. M. THACKERAY."

The few lines which follow in the beautiful, clear, well-known handwriting, are headed with neither date nor address, and are unpunctuated throughout.

"MY DEAR HUNT, —
"Though we never meet we should
If you could and if you would
Will you take your dinner here
On the last day of the year?
And believe me Hunt my dear
Yours for ever and a day
Doubleyouem Thackeray."

With which absurd scribble, probably dashed off on the spur of the moment, I will bring my remarks concerning Leigh Hunt to a conclusion.

It will be seen that other notable persons besides himself have found their way into this paper, but their letters, in all their varied points of interest, were addressed to one individual, who thus becomes the connecting link between them all.

From Temple Bar.

AUNT ANNE.

CHAPTER III.

FLORENCE sat thinking over Walter's hint concerning his health. She had succeeded in frightening herself a good deal; for there was really nothing the matter with him that rest and change would not set right. She remembered all the years he had been constantly at work, for even in their holidays he had taken away something he wanted to get done, and for the first time she realized how great the strain must have been upon him. "He must long for a change," she thought, "for a break in his life, an upsetting of its present programme. The best thing of all

would be a sea voyage. That would do him a world of good." She fancied him on board a P. and O., walking up and down the long deck, drinking in life and strength. How vigorous he would grow; how sun-burnt and handsome, and how delightful it would be to see him return. She hoped that Mr. Fisher would offer him a special correspondentship for a time, or something that would break the routine of his life and give him the excitement and pleasure that a spell of rest and complete change would entail. She would talk to Mr. Fisher herself, she thought. He always liked arranging other people's lives; he was so clever in setting things right for any one who consulted him, and so hopeful; and no doubt he had noticed already that Walter was looking ill.

"But he is quite well; it is nothing but overwork, and that can soon be set right——"

There was a double knock at the street door.

It was only eleven o'clock, too early for visitors. Florence left off thinking of Walter to wonder who it could be. The door was opened and shut, the servant's footsteps going up to the drawing-room were followed by others so soft that they could scarcely be heard at all.

"Mrs. Baines, ma'am. She told me to say that she was most anxious to see you."

"Mrs. Baines?" Florence exclaimed absently. It was so long since she had seen Aunt Anne, and she had never heard her called by her formal name that for the moment she was puzzled. Then she remembered and went up quickly to meet her visitor.

Aunt Anne was sitting on the little yellow couch near the window. She looked thin and spare, as she had done at Brighton, but she had a woebegone air now that had not belonged to her then. She was in deep mourning; there was a mass of crape on her bonnet, and a limp cashmere shawl clung about her shoulders. She rose slowly as Florence entered, but did not advance a single step.

She stretched out her arms; the black shawl gave them the appearance of wings; they made her look, as she stood with her back to the light, like a large bat. But the illusion was only momentary, and then the wan face, the many wrinkles and the nervous twitch of the left eye all helped to make an effect that was pathetic enough.

"Florence," she said in a tremulous

voice, "I felt that I must see you and Walter again," and she folded Mrs. Hibbert to her heart.

"I am very glad to see you, Aunt Anne," Florence answered simply. "Are you quite well, and are you staying in London? But you are in deep mourning; I hope you have not had any very sad loss?"

The tears came into the poor old lady's eyes.

"My dear," she said still more tremulously than before, "you are evidently not aware of my great bereavement; but I might have known that, for if you had been you would have written to me. Florence, I am a widow; I am alone in the world."

Mrs. Hibbert put her hands softly on Aunt Anne's and kissed her.

"I didn't know, I had no idea, and Walter had not——"

"I knew it. Don't think that I have wronged either you or him. I knew that you were ignorant of all that had happened to me or you would have written to express your sympathy, though, if you had, I might not even have received your letter, for I have been homeless, too," Mrs. Baines said sadly. She stopped for a moment, then watching Florence intently she went on in a choking voice, "Mr. Baines has been dead more than eight months. He died as he had lived, my darling. He thought of you both three weeks before his death," and her left eye winked.

"It was very kind of him," Florence said gratefully; "and you, dear Aunt Anne," she asked gently, "are you staying in London for the present? Where are you living?"

It seemed as if Aunt Anne gathered up all her strength to answer.

"My dear, I am in London because I am destitute—destitute, Florence, and—and I have to work for my living."

Her niece was too much astonished to answer for a minute.

"But, Aunt Anne," she exclaimed, "how can you work? what can you have strength to do, you poor dear?"

Aunt Anne hesitated a moment; she winked again in an absent, unconscious manner, and then answered with great solemnity,—

"I have accepted a post at South Kensington as chaperon to a young married lady whose husband is abroad. She has a young sister staying with her, and her husband does not approve of their being alone without some older person to protect them."

"It is very brave of you to go out into the world now," Florence said admiringly.

"My dear, it would be most repugnant to me to be a burden to any one, even to those who love me best; that is why — why I did it, Florence."

"And are they kind to you? do they treat you quite properly?" Mrs. Hibbert inquired anxiously.

The old lady drew herself up and answered severely:—

"I should not stay with them an hour if they ever forgot what was due to me. They treat me with the greatest respect."

"But why have you been obliged to do this, you poor Aunt Anne? Had Mr. Baines no money to leave you?"

Aunt Anne's mouth twitched as she heard the Mr. Baines, but Florence had never thought of him as anything else, and when the two last words slipped out she felt it would be better to go on and not to notice her mistake.

"No, my love, at his death his income ceased; there was barely enough for immediate expenses, and then — and then I had to go out into the world."

It was terrible to see how keenly Aunt Anne suffered; how fully alive she was to the sad side of her own position. Poor old lady, it was impossible to help feeling very much for her, Florence thought.

"And had he no relations at all who could help you, dear?" she asked, wondering that none should have held out a helping hand.

"No, not one. I married for love, as you did; that is one reason why I knew that you would feel for me."

There was a world of sadness in her voice as she said the last words; her face seemed to grow thinner and paler as she related her troubles. She looked far older, too, than she had done on the Brighton day. The little lines about her face had become wrinkles; her hair was scantier and greyer; her eyes deeper set in her head; her hands were the thin, dry hands of old age.

Florence ached for her, and pondered things over for a moment. Walter was not rich, and he was not strong just now, the hint of yesterday had sunk deep in her heart. Still, he and she must try to make this poor soul's few remaining years comfortable, if no one else could be found on whom she had a claim. She did not think she would care for Aunt Anne to come and live with them; she remembered an aunt who had lived in her girlhood's home, who had not been a success. But they might for all that do something;

the old lady could not be left to the wide world's tender mercies. Florence knew but little of her husband's relations, except that he had no near or intimate ones left, but there might be some outlying cousins sufficiently near to Aunt Anne to make their helping her a moral obligation.

"Have you no friends — no relations at all, dear Aunt Anne?" she asked.

With a long sigh Mrs. Baines answered:

"Florence" — she gave a gulp before she went on, as if to show that what she had to tell was almost too sad to be put into words — "Sir William Rammage is my own cousin, he has thousands and thousands a year, and he refuses to allow me anything. I went to him when I first came to London and begged him to give me a small income so that I might not be obliged to go out into the world; but he said that he had so many claims upon him that it was impossible. Yet he and I were babes together; we lay in the same cradle once, while our mothers stood over us, hand in hand. But though we had not met since we were six years old till I went to him in my distress a few months ago, he refused to do anything for me."

"Have you been in London long then, Aunt Anne?"

"I have been here five months, Florence. I took a lodging on the little means I had left, and then — and then I had to struggle as best I could."

"You should have come to us before, poor dear."

"I should have done so, my love, but my lodging was too simple, and I was not in a position to receive you as I could have wished. I waited, hoping that Sir William would see that it was incumbent on him to make me an adequate allowance; but he has not done so."

"And won't he do anything for you? If he is rich he might do something temporarily, even if he won't make you a permanent allowance. Has he done nothing?"

Mrs. Baines shook her head sadly.

"He sent me some port wine, my love, but port wine is always pernicious to me. I wrote and told him so, but he did not even reply. It is not four years ago since he was lord mayor of London, and yet he will do nothing for me."

She had lost her air of distress, there was a dogged dignity in her manner; she stood up and looked at her niece; it seemed as if, in speaking of Sir William Rammage, she remembered that the world had used her shamefully, and she had determined to give it back bitter scorn for its indifference to her griefs.

"Lord mayor of London," Mrs. Hibbert repeated, and rubbed her eyes a little; it seemed like part of a play and not a very sane one — the old lady, her deep mourning, her winking left eye, and the sudden introduction of a lord mayor.

"Yes, lord mayor of London," repeated Mrs. Baines, "and he lets me work for my daily bread."

"Is Walter also related to the lord mayor?"

"No, my love. Your Walter's grandfather married twice, I was the daughter of the first marriage — my mother was the daughter of a London merchant — your Walter's father was the son of the second marriage."

"It is too complicated to understand," Florence answered in despair. "And is there no one else, Aunt Anne?"

"There are many others, but they are indifferent as he is, they are cold and hard, Florence; that is a lesson one has to learn when fortune deserts one," and the old lady shook her head mournfully.

"But, dear Aunt Anne," Florence said, aghast at this sudden vista of the world, "tell me who they are besides Sir William Ramage; let Walter try what can be done. Surely they cannot all be as cold and hard as you think."

"It is of no use, my love," Mrs. Baines said sadly.

"But perhaps you are mistaken, Aunt Anne, and they will after all do something for you. Do tell me who they are."

"Mrs. Baines drew herself up proudly, the tears that had seemed to be on their way a minute ago must have retreated suddenly, for her eyes looked bright, and she spoke in a quick, determined voice.

"My love," she said, "you must not expect me to give you an account of all my friends and relations and of what they will or will not do for me. Don't question me, my love, for I cannot allow it — I cannot, indeed. I have told you that I am destitute, that I am a widow, that I am working for my living; and that must suffice. I am deeply attached to you and Walter; there is in my heart a picture that will never be effaced of you and him standing in our garden at Rottingdean, of your going away in the sunshine with flowers and preserve in your hands — the preserve that I myself had made. It is because I love you that I have come to you to-day, and because I feel assured that you love me; but you must remember, Florence, that I am your aunt, and you must treat me with proper respect and consideration."

"But, Aunt Anne —" Florence began, astonished.

Mrs. Baines put her hand on Florence's shoulder.

"There there," she said forgivingly, "I know you did not mean to hurt me, but" — and here her voice grew tender and tremulous again — "no one, not even you or Walter, must presume, for I cannot allow it. There — kiss me," and she pulled Florence's head down on to her breast, while suddenly — for there were wonderfully quick transitions of feeling expressed on the old wan face all through the interview — a smile that was almost joyous came to her lips. "I am so glad to see you again, my dear," she said; "I have looked forward to this day for years. I loved you from the very first moment I saw you at Brighton, and I have always loved your Walter. I wish," she went on, as Florence gently disengaged herself from the black cashmere embrace, "I wish you could remember him a little boy as I do. He had the darkest eyes and the lightest hair in the world."

"His hair is a beautiful brown now," her niece answered, rather thankfully.

"Yes, my love, it is," the old lady said, with a little glee at the young wife's pride. "And so is yours. I think you have the prettiest hair I ever saw." There was not a shade of flattery in her voice, so that Florence was appeased after the severe snub of a moment ago, and smoothed her plaits with much complacency. "And now, tell me, when will your dear one be at home, for I long to see him?"

"He is very uncertain, Aunt Anne, I fear he has no fixed time, but I know that he will try and make one to see you when he hears that you are in town."

"I am sure he will," Mrs. Baines said, evidently certain that there was no doubt at all about that. "Are the dear children at home?" she inquired, "I long for a sight of them."

"Shall I call them?"

"Yes, my love; it will do my heart good to look at them."

Nothing loth, Florence opened the door and called up-stairs: —

"Monty and Catty, are you there, my beauties? I want you, my chicks."

There was a quick patter-patter overhead, a door opened and two little voices answered both at once: —

"We'll come, mummy, we'll come."

A moment later there entered a sturdy boy of six, with eyes like his father's, and a girl of three and a half, with nut-brown hair hanging down her back.

"We are come, mummy," they exclaimed joyfully, as their mother, taking their fat hands in hers, led them up to Aunt Anne. The old lady took them in her arms and kissed them.

"Bless them," she said, "bless them. I should have known them anywhere. They couldn't be any one else's children. My darlings, do you know me?" Monty drew back a little way and looked at her saucily as if he thought the question rather a joke.

"No, we don't know you," he answered in a jovial voice, "we don't know you a bit."

"Bless him," exclaimed Aunt Anne, and laughed aloud for glee. "He is so like his father, it makes me forget all my sorrows to see him. My dear children," she went on, solemnly addressing them, "I did not bring you anything, but before the day is finished you shall have proof that Aunt Anne loves you. Good-bye, my dears, good-bye," and she looked at their mother with an expression that said plainly, "Send them away."

Florence opened the door and the children pattered back to the nursery. When they had gone Mrs. Baines rose.

"I must go too," she said sadly, as if she had overtaken her griefs and sorrows again, "for I am no longer my own mistress. Remember that, dear, when you think of me, or when you and Walter converse together."

"But it is nearly one o'clock, will you not stay and lunch? Walter might come, and he would be so glad to see you," Florence said anxiously, remembering that as yet she had done nothing to help the old lady, and without her husband she felt it was too awkward a task to attempt.

"No, my dear, no; but I shall come again when you least expect me, on the chance of finding you at home."

"And is there nothing I can do for you, Aunt Anne?" Florence asked hesitatingly, "no way in which I can be useful to you?"

"No, my dear, no; but thank you and bless you for your tender heart. There is nothing I want. I wish you could see Mrs. North, Florence, she is kindness itself. I have been in the house five weeks, and they have never once failed to show me the attention that is due to me," she said with grave dignity. "We went to Covent Garden theatre last night—I refused to go to Drury Lane, for I did not approve of the name of the piece—they insisted on giving me the best place, and were most anxious when we reached home

for fear I had taken cold whilst waiting for the carriage."

It seemed as if Aunt Anne had been extraordinarily lucky.

"And you like being with young people, I think," Florence said, noticing how her sad face lighted up while she spoke of the theatre.

"It is always a pleasure to me to witness happiness in others," Aunt Anne answered, with a long, benevolent sigh, "and it is a comfort to know that to this beautiful girl—for Mrs. North is only four-and-twenty, my dear—my presence is beneficial and my experience of life useful. I wish you would come and call on her."

"But she might not like it. I don't see why she should desire my acquaintance."

"She would think it the greatest honor to know anybody belonging to me."

"Is she an old friend, Aunt Anne, or how did you know her?" Florence asked, wondering at the great kindness extended to the old lady, and whether there was a deep foundation for it. She did not think it likely, from all that she had heard, that companions were generally treated with so much consideration. For a moment Aunt Anne was silent, then she answered coldly:—

"I met her through an advertisement. But you must not question me, you must not indeed, Florence. I never allowed any one to do that, and I am too old to begin; too old, and feeble, and worn out to allow it even from you, my love."

"But, dear Aunt Anne, I did not mean to hurt or offend you in any way. I merely wondered, since these people were so kind to you, if they were new or old friends," Florence said affectionately, but still a little stiffly, for now that she had been assured the old lady was so well provided for, she felt that she might defend herself.

"Then you must forgive me," Mrs. Baines said penitently. "I know I am foolishly sensitive sometimes, but in my heart I shall never misjudge you or Walter; be assured of that, my darling."

She went slowly up to a little ebony-framed looking-glass that was over a bracket in an out-of-the-way corner—it was odd that she should even have noticed it—and stood before it arranging her bonnet, till she was a mass of blackness and woe. "My love," she said, "would you permit your servant to call a cab for me? I prefer a hansom. I promised Mrs. North that I would return to luncheon, and I fear that I am already a little behindhand."

"Oh, but hansoms are so expensive, and I have been the cause —" Florence began as she put her hand on the bell.

"I must beg you not to mention it. I would spend my last penny on you and Walter, you know I would." Mrs. Baines answered with the manner that had carried all before it at Brighton. It brought back to Florence's memory her own helplessness and Walter's on that morning which had ended in the carrying away of jam and yellow flowers from Rottingdean. She went down-stairs with the old lady and opened the door. Mrs. Baines looked at the hansom and winked. "It is a curious thing, my dear Florence," she said, "but ever since I can remember I have had a very marked repugnance to a grey horse."

"Shall we send it away, and get another?"

"No, my dear, no; I think it foolish to encourage a prejudice, nothing would induce me now not to go by that cab."

She gathered her shawl close round her shoulders and went slowly down the steps; when she was safely in the hansom and the door closed in front of her, she bowed with dignity to Florence, as if from the private box of a theatre.

That same afternoon there arrived a pot of maidenhair fern with a card attached to it on which was written, *Mrs. Walter Hibbert, from Aunt Anne*, and two smaller pots of bright flowers *For the dear children*.

"How very kind of her," exclaimed Florence; "but she ought not to spend her money on us, the money she earns too. Oh, she is much too generous."

CHAPTER IV.

"I WISH we could do something for Aunt Anne," Mrs. Hibbert said to her husband that evening. "It was very kind of her to send us those flowers."

"Let's ask her to dine."

"Of course we will, she is longing to see you; still, asking her to dine will not be doing anything for her."

"But it will please her very much, she likes being treated with respect," Walter laughed. "Let's send her a formal invitation. You see these people she is with evidently like her and may give her a hundred or two a year, quite as much as she wants, so that all we can do is to show her some attention. Therefore, I repeat, let's ask her to dine."

"It's so like a man's suggestion," Florence exclaimed; "but still, we'll do it if you like. She wants to see you. Of

course she may not be able to come if her time is not her own."

"We must risk that — I'll tell you what, Floggie dear, ask her for next Thursday, with Fisher and Wimple and Ethel Dunlop. She'll make the number up to six, which will be better than five. It will please her enormously to be asked to meet people — in your invitation say a small dinner-party."

"Very well. It will be a comfort if she takes Mr. Wimple off our hands. Perhaps she will."

So a quite formal invitation was sent to Aunt Anne, and her reply awaited with much anxiety. It came the next morning, and ran thus: —

"MY DEAR FLORENCE, —

"It gives me sincere pleasure to accept the invitation that you and your dear Walter have sent me for next Thursday. It is long since I went into society, except in this house, where it is a matter of duty. But, for your sakes, dears, I will put aside my sorrow for the evening, and try to enjoy, as I ought, the pleasure of seeing you both, and of meeting those whom you honor with your friendship.

"In the happiness and excitement of seeing you the other day, dear Florence, I forgot to mention one object of my visit. It is most important to me in my present unfortunate position to hide my poverty and to preserve an appearance that will prevent me from being slighted in the society in which — sorely against my will — I am thrown. Will you, therefore, my dear ones, send me a black satin sunshade, plain but good, lined with black in preference to white, and with a handle sufficiently distinctive to prevent its being mistaken for another person's if it is left in the hall when I am paying visits. There are many other things I require, but I do not like to tax your kindness too far, or, knowing your generous hearts, to cause you disquiet even by naming them. At the same time, dear Florence, I am sure you will understand my embarrassment when I tell you I only possess four pocket-handkerchiefs fit to use in a house like this. If you have any lying by you with a deep black border, and would lend them to me till you require them, it would be a real boon.

"Kiss your sweet children for me. I sent them yesterday a little token that I did not cease to think of you all as soon as I had left your presence — as the world is only too prone to do.

"Your affectionate Aunt,

"ANNE BAINES.

"P.S. — I should be glad, my darlings, to have the sunshade without delay, for the afternoons are getting to be so bright and sunny that I have requested Mrs. North to have out the open carriage for her afternoon drive."

"Really, Walter," Mrs. Hibbert said, "she is a most extraordinary person. If she is so poor that she cannot buy a few pocket-handkerchiefs, why did she send us those presents yesterday? Flowers are expensive at this time of year."

"It was very like her," Walter answered; "I remember years ago hearing that she had quarrelled with my Uncle Tom because she sent his son a wedding present, and then he would not lend her the money to pay the bill."

"Of course we will send her the things, but she is a foolish old lady. As if I should keep deep black-bordered handkerchiefs by me; really it is too absurd."

"Yes, darling, it is too absurd. Still, send her a nice sunshade, or whatever it is she wants; I suppose a pound or two will do it," Walter said, and hurried off to the office.

But Florence sat thinking. The sunshade and the handkerchiefs would make a big hole in the money allowed for weekly expenses, could not indeed come out of it. She wished she could take things as easily as Walter did, but the small worries of life never fell upon him as they did upon her. She was inclined to think that it was the small worries that made wrinkles, and she thought of those on poor Aunt Anne's face. Perhaps that was why women as a rule had so many more lines than men. The lines on a man's face were generally fewer and deeper, but on a woman's they were small and everywhere, they symbolized the little cares of every day, the petty anxieties that found men too hard to mark. She went through her accounts, she was one of those women who keep them carefully, who know to a penny how they spent their last five-pound note. But it was only because she was anxious to give Walter the very best that could be got out of his income that she measured so often the length and breadth of her purse. However, it was no good. The old lady must have her sunshade and her handkerchiefs. So Florence walked to Regent Street and back to buy them. She went without the gloves she had promised herself, and determined that Catty should wait for a hat, and that she would cut down the dessert for a week at the little evening dinner.

The brown paper parcel was directed and sent off to Mrs. Baines. With a sigh Florence wished she were more generous, and dismissed the whole business from her mind.

"Mrs. Baines called, ma'am," the servant said, when she reached home that day. "She wanted the address of a very good dressmaker."

"Is she here? I hope you begged her to come in?" Florence asked, with a vision of Aunt Anne calling in a hurry, tired by her walk, and distressed at finding no one at home.

"Oh no, ma'am; she didn't get out of the carriage when she heard you were not in. I gave her Madame Celestine's address, and said that she had made your best evening gown, as she was very particular about its being a grand dressmaker."

"I suppose it was for Mrs. North," Florence thought. "Poor Aunt Anne is not at all likely to want Madame Celestine."

Then she imagined the spare old lady in a scanty black gown going out with the pretty, and probably beautifully dressed girls to whom she was chaperon.

As a sort of amends for the unkindness of fate, Florence made some little soft white adornments for throat and wrists such as widows wear, and that yet look smart, and, packing them in a cardboard box, sent them — *With kind love to Aunt Anne*: "Perhaps they will gratify her pride a little, poor dear, and it is so nice to have one's pride gratified," she thought. And then, for a space Aunt Anne was almost forgotten.

The days slipped by anxiously enough to the Hibberts — to Walter, for he knew that Mr. Fisher meant to talk with Florence about something that had been agreed between them at the office; to Florence, because without increasing the bills she really could not manage to put that little dinner together. Walter was particular; he liked luxuries, and things well managed, and she could never bear to disappoint him. However, the evening came at last. The flowers and dessert were arranged, the claret was at the right temperature, the champagne was in ice. Florence went up-stairs to say good-night to the children, and to rest for five minutes. Walter came in with a flower for her dress.

"It is so like you," she said as she kissed it; "you are always the thoughtfulest old man in the world."

"I wished I had bought one for Aunt

Anne as I came along in the hansom; but I forgot it at first and then I was afraid to go back because it was getting so late."

He dressed and went down-stairs. Florence leisurely began to get ready. Ten minutes later a carriage stopped; a bell rang, there was a loud double knock — some one had arrived.

"But it is a quarter of an hour too soon?" she said in dismay to Maria who was helping her.

The maid stood on tiptoe by the window to see who the early comer might be.

"It's only Mrs. Baines, ma'am."

They had learned to say "only" already, Florence thought. She was angry at the word, yet relieved at its not being a more important visitor.

"I am very vexed at not being dressed to receive her," she said coldly, in order to give Mrs. Baines importance. "Make haste and fasten my dress, Maria."

There was a sound of some one coming up-stairs, a rustle of silk, and a gentle knock at the bedroom door.

"My darling, I came early on purpose. May I be allowed to enter, dear Florence?"

The voice was certainly Aunt Anne's, but the tone was so joyous, so different from the woebegone one of ten days ago that it filled her hearer with amazement.

"Come in, Aunt Anne, if you like; but I am not quite ready."

"I know that, my love. I hoped you would not be," and Aunt Anne entered, beaming with satisfaction, beautifully dressed, her long robe trailing, her thin throat wrapped with softest white of some filmy kind, her shoes fastened with heavy bows that showed a paste diamond in them, her hands full of flowers. Florence could scarcely believe her eyes.

"Aunt Anne!" she exclaimed, and stood still looking at her.

"Yes, my love," the old lady laughed. "Aunt Anne; and she has brought you these flowers. I thought they might adorn your room, and that they would prove how much you were in my mind, even while I was away from you. Would you gratify me by wearing one or two? I see you have a white rose there, but I am sure Walter will not mind your wearing one of his aunt's flowers; and, my love, perhaps you will permit your maid to take the rest down-stairs to arrange before the arrival of your other guests. I will myself help you to finish your toilette."

With an air that was a command, she gave the flowers to Maria and carefully watched her out of the room. Then turn-

ing to Florence, she asked with the joyousness still in her manner, "And now, my dear, tell me if you like my dress?"

"It is quite beautiful, and so handsome."

"My darling, I am thankful to hear you say that, for I bought it to do you honor. I was touched to get your invitation, and determined that you should not be ashamed of me. Did the housemaid tell you that she gave me Madame Celestine's address?"

"Yes. But, Aunt Anne, I hope you bargained with her. She costs a fortune if you don't."

"Never mind what she costs. I wished to prove to you both how much I loved you and desired to do you honor. And now, my dear, I perceive that you are ready, let us go down. I have not seen Walter yet, and am longing to put my arms round his dear neck before any one else arrives and forces me into a formality that my heart would resent."

She turned and led the way down-stairs. Florence followed meekly feeling almost shabby and altogether left in the shade by the magnificent relation who had appeared for their simple party.

Aunt Anne trod with the footstep of one who knew the house well; she opened the drawing-room door with an air of precision, and going towards Walter, who met her half way across the room, dropped her head with its white cap on his shoulder.

"My dear Walter, no words can express how glad I am to see you again, to meet you in your own house, in your own room. It makes me forget all I have suffered since we parted; it even forces me to be gay," she murmured, in an almost sobbing tone.

"All right, dear," he said cheerily, giving her a kiss. "We are very glad to see you. Why, you look uncommonly well; and I say, what an awful swell you are — isn't she, Floggie?"

"He is precisely the same — the same as ever," laughed out the old lady just as she had at Brighton seven years before. "Precisely the same. Oh, my dear Walter, I shall —"

But here the door opened and for the moment Mr. Wimple's arrival put an end to Aunt Anne's remembrances.

Mr. Wimple was evidently conscious of his evening clothes; his waistcoat was cut so as to show as much white shirt as possible; his tie looked a little rumpled, as though the first attempt at making a bow had not been successful. He shook hands solemnly with his host and hostess, then

looked round almost sadly, and in a voice that was full of grave meaning said it was cold and chilly.

"Cough better?" Walter inquired.

"Yes, it is better," Mr. Wimple replied slowly after a moment's consideration.

"That's right," his host said cheerily; "and now, Alfred, I must introduce you to my aunt, Mrs. Baines. Alfred Wimple is an old schoolfellow of mine, Aunt Anne."

The old lady put out her gloved hand with the lace ruffle round the wrist.

"I am glad to meet you," she said. "It is always a pleasure to me to meet any one who has been intimately associated with my dear Walter."

"And to me to meet any one belonging to him," Mr. Wimple responded, with much gravity. "Walter is the oldest, and I may say the dearest, friend I possess."

"It makes us also friends," Aunt Anne said, with a smile. "For it would be impossible that any one loving my dear Walter should not possess my friendship."

The other guests entered. The old lady moved farther off to give them room, and standing a little outside the circle talked to Mr. Wimple till dinner was announced. Then Walter went up to his proud relation.

"It is so like a dream to be here with you, to be going down on your arm—dear children," she whispered as they descended the narrow staircase.

Looking back, Florence always felt that Aunt Anne had been the heroine of that party. She took the lead in conversation, the others waiting for her to speak, and no one dared to break up the group at table into *tête-à-tête* talk. She was so bright and full of life and had so much to say that she carried all before her. Ethel Dunlop, young and pretty, felt piqued; usually Mr. Fisher was attentive to her, to-night he talked entirely to Mrs. Baines. That horrid Mr. Wimple, as she called him in her thoughts, had been quite attentive when she met him before, but now he too kept his eyes fixed on the old lady opposite; but for her host she would have felt neglected. And it was odd how Aunt Anne managed to flirt with everybody.

"Mrs. Baines has given me some useful hints about birds," Mr. Fisher said to Florence with a suspicion of amusement in his voice; "if I had been as wise formerly as she has made me to-night the white cockatoo might have been living still. We ought to have met years ago, Mrs. Baines," he said, turning to her.

"I think so too," she said winningly. "It is such a pleasure to meet my dear Walter's and Florence's friends," she added, looking round the table and giving a strange little wink at the last word that made Mr. Wimple feel almost uncomfortable. "It is a privilege that I have looked forward to for years, but that living in the country has hitherto made impossible. Now that I am in London I hope I shall meet them all in turn." Then she lowered her voice and went on to the editor: "I have heard so much of you, Mr. Fisher, if you will forgive me for saying so, though a great career like yours implies that all the world has heard of you."

"I wish it could be called a great career, my dear lady," he answered, feeling that she was a person whose death would deserve a paragraph simply on account of the extraordinary knowledge of the world she possessed. "Unfortunately it has been a very ordinary one, but I can assure you that I am most glad to meet you to-night. I ought to have been at a city dinner, and shall always congratulate myself on my happier condition."

"I should like to see a city dinner," Mrs. Baines said sadly.

"I wish I could send you my invitations. I go to too many, I fear."

"I suppose you have been to a great many also, Mr. Wimple?" Aunt Anne inquired, careful to exclude no one from her little court.

"To one only, I regret to say, Mrs. Baines," Mr. Wimple answered solemnly; "four years ago I went to the solitary one I ever attended."

"Ah, that was during the mayoralty of Sir William Rammage."

"Do you know him, Mrs. Baines, or do you keep a record of the lord mayors?" Mr. Fisher asked.

"I knew him well, years and years—I am afraid I should shock you—you are all so young—if I said how many years ago," she answered; and Mr. Fisher, who was well on in his forties, thought she was really a charming old lady.

"He is a great friend of my uncle's, he is a very old client of his," Mr. Wimple said, looking at Mrs. Baines again with his strange, fixed gaze, while Ethel Dunlop thought that that horrid Mr. Wimple was actually making eyes at the old lady as he did at every one else.

"And may I ask if you also are on intimate terms with him?" Mrs. Baines said.

"No, I have only met him at my uncle's. He is very rich," he added, with a

sigh, "and rich people are not much in my way. Literary people and out-at-elbow scribblers are my usual associates; for," he went on, remembering that there was a possibility of doing some business with Mr. Fisher, and that he had better make an impression on the great man, "I never met any illustrious members of that profession till to-night, excepting our friend Walter of course."

Mr. Fisher looked a little disgusted and turned to the young lady of the party.

"Have you been very musical lately, Miss Dunlop?" he inquired.

"No," she answered, "not very. But we enjoyed the concert. It was very kind of you to send me the tickets."

The editor's face lighted up.

"I am glad," he said; "and did you find a pleasant chaperon?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I went with my cousin George Dighton."

"Is that the good-looking youth I saw you with once?"

"Youth," Ethel laughed, "he is three-and-twenty."

"A most mature age," and a smile flickered over Mr. Fisher's grave face; "and does he often escort you to concerts?"

"Occasionally."

"He is fortunate in having the privilege as well as the time to avail himself of it," the editor said formally. His manner was always reserved, sometimes even a little stately. Now and then, oddly enough, it reminded one of Aunt Anne's, though it was a generation younger, and he had not her faculty for long words.

"You never seem able to go to concerts. It is quite sad and wicked," Ethel said brightly.

He looked up as if he liked her.

"Not often. Perhaps some day if you would honor me, only I am not a cousin; still I have passed the giddy age of Mr. Dighton."

"We will, we will," she laughed, and nodded; "but only relations are able to survive the responsibility of taking me about alone, perhaps Mrs. Hibbert would—"

"Ah yes, Mr. Wimple," they heard Mrs. Baines say, "I have good reason to know Sir William Rammage. He is my own cousin, though for years and years we had not met till we did so a few months since, when I came to take up my residence in London."

The old lady's mouth twitched nervously, the sad note of a week ago made itself heard in her voice again. Mrs. Hibbert knew that she was thinking of

the unsuccessful appeal to her rich relation, and of the port wine that had always proved pernicious to her digestion.

"Your cousin!" said Mr. Wimple, and he fixed another long, steady gaze upon Mrs. Baines, "that is very interesting;" and he was silent.

"Cousins seem to abound in our conversation this evening," Miss Dunlop said to Mr. Fisher; "it must be terrible to be cousin to the lord mayor."

"Like being related to Gog and Magog," he whispered.

"Even worse," she answered, pretending to shudder.

But Mrs. Hibbert was looking at Aunt Anne, for it was time to go up-stairs. Mrs. Baines went out of the door with a staidness that was downright courage considering how small and slight she was. Ethel Dunlop, standing aside to let her pass, looked at her admiringly, but the old lady gave her back, with the left eye, a momentary glance that was merely condescending. Unless Aunt Anne took a fancy to people, or made a point of being agreeable, she was apt to be condescending. Her manner to young people was sometimes impatient, and to servants it was generally irritating. She had taken a dislike to Miss Dunlop—she considered her forward. She did not like the manner in which she did her hair. She was of opinion that her dress was unbecoming. All these things had determined Mrs. Baines to snub Miss Dunlop, who ill-deserved it, for she was a pretty, motherless girl of one-and-twenty, very anxious to do right and to find the world a pleasant dwelling-place.

The old lady sat down on the yellow couch in the drawing-room again, the same couch on which, a fortnight before, she had sat and related her misfortunes. But it was difficult to believe that she was the same person. Her dress was spread out; her gloves were drawn on and carefully buttoned; she opened and shut a small black fan; she looked round the drawing-room with an air of condescension, and almost sternly refused coffee with a "Not any, I thank you," that made the servant feel rebuked for having offered it. Mrs. Hibbert and Ethel felt that she was indeed mistress of the situation.

"You are musical, I think, Miss Dunlop," she asked coldly.

"I am very fond of music, and I play and sing in a very small way," was the modest answer.

"I hope we shall hear you presently," Mrs. Baines said grandly, and then, evi-

dently feeling that she had taken quite enough notice of Miss Dunlop, she turned to her niece.

"My dear Florence," she said, "I think Mr. Wimple is charming. He has one of the most expressive countenances I ever beheld."

"Oh, Mrs. Baines, do you really think so?" Ethel Dunlop exclaimed.

"Certainly I do." And Mrs. Baines turned her back. "Florence, are not you of my opinion?"

"Well, Aunt Anne, I hardly know —" and happily the entrance of the men prevented any further discussion. Somehow conversation flagged a little, and silence threatened to fall on the party. Florence felt uneasy.

"Are we to have some music?" Walter asked presently. In these days music after dinner, unless it is very excellent or there is some special reason for introducing it, is generally a flag of distress, a sign that dulness is near. Florence knew it, and looking at Ethel tried to cover it by asking for a song.

"Ethel sings German songs delightfully, Aunt Anne," she said; "I think you would enjoy listening to her."

"I should enjoy listening to any friend of yours," the old lady answered. But Miss Dunlop pleaded hoarseness and did not stir.

Mr. Wimple roused himself a little. "I am sure Mrs. Baines plays," he said, standing before her. Aunt Anne gave a long sigh.

"My playing days are over," she answered.

"Oh no, Aunt Anne," laughed Walter, "we cannot allow you to make that excuse."

In a moment she had risen.

"I never make excuses, Walter," she said proudly; "if it is your wish — if it will give you pleasure I will touch the keys again, though it is long since I brought myself even to sit down before an instrument."

She took her place at the piano; she pulled out her handkerchief, not one of the black-bordered ones that Florence had sent her a week ago, but a dainty one of lawn and lace, and held it for a moment to her forehead, then suddenly, with a strange, vibrating touch that almost startled her listeners, she began to play "Oft in the still night." Only for a moment did the fire last, her fingers grew feeble, they missed the notes, she shook her head dreamily.

"I forget — I forget them all," she said

to herself rather than to any one else, and then quickly recovering she looked round and apologized. "It is so long," she said, "and I forget."

She began softly some variations on "I know a bank," and played them through to the end. When they were finished she rose and, with a little old-fashioned bow to the piano, turned to Florence, and saying, with a sweet and curious dignity, "Thank you, my dear, and your friends too for listening to me," went back to her seat.

Mr. Wimple was near her chair, he bent down to her.

"You gave us a great treat," he said, as if he were stating a scientific fact.

Mrs. Baines listened to his words gravely, she seemed to revolve them in her mind for a moment before she looked up.

"I am sure you are musical, Mr. Wimple," she said, "I can see it on your face."

"Aunt Anne," Walter said, passing her, "should you mind my opening this window?"

"No, my darling, I should like it," she answered tenderly.

Mr. Wimple gave a long sigh.

"Lucky beggar he is; you are very fond of him?"

"Oh yes," she answered, "he is like my own son," and she nodded at Walter, who was carrying on a laughing conversation with Ethel Dunlop, while his wife was having what seemed to be a serious one with Mr. Fisher. She looked round the room, her gaze rested on the open window. "I think the carriage must be waiting," she said, almost to herself.

"I will tell you," and Mr. Wimple went on to the balcony. "It is a lovely night, Mrs. Baines," he said, and turning back he fastened his strange eyes upon her. Without a word she rose and followed him.

"Aunt Anne," Florence said, "you will catch your death of cold; you mustn't go out. Walter, dear, get my thick white shawl for Aunt Anne."

"Oh no, my love, pray continue your conversation; I have always made a point of looking up at the sky before I retire to rest, therefore it is not likely to do me harm."

"I wouldn't let it do you harm for the world," Mr. Wimple whispered.

She heard him; but she seemed to digest his words slowly, for she nodded to herself before, with the manner and smile that were so entirely her own, she answered; —

"Pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Wimple, I am accustomed to stand before the elements at all seasons of the year, and this air is not likely to be detrimental to me; besides," she added, with a gentle laugh, "perhaps though I boasted of my age just now I am not so old as I look. Oh, dear Walter, you are too good to me — dear boy," and she turned and let him wrap the thick white shawl about her. He lingered for a moment, but there fell the dead silence that sometimes seems to chase away a third person, so that feeling that he was not wanted, he went back to Ethel Dunlop. It was a good thing Aunt Anne liked Alfred, he thought. He had been afraid the latter would not wholly enjoy his evening, but the old lady seemed to be making up for Florence's rather scanty attentions.

"It is impossible to you to be old," Mr. Wimple said, still speaking almost in a whisper.

The old lady appeared not to hear him, her hands were holding the white shawl close round her neck, her eyes were following the long row of street lamps on the right. The horses, waiting with the carriage before the house, moved restlessly, and made their harness clink in the stillness. Far off, a cornet was playing as cornets love to do, "Then you'll remember me." Beside her stood the young man, watching. Behind in the drawing-room, dimly lighted by the shaded lamp and candles, the others were talking, forgetful of everything but the subject that interested them. Cheap, sentimental surrounding enough, but they all told on the old lady standing out on the balcony. The stars looking down on her lighted up the soft white about her throat, and the outline of the shawl-wrapped shoulders, almost youthful in their slenderness. Mr. Wimple went a little closer, the tears came into her eyes, they trickled down her withered cheeks, but he did not know it.

"It is like years ago," she whispered, "those dear children and all — all — it carries me back to forty — more, eight-and-forty years ago, when I was a girl, and now I am old, I am old, it is the end of the world for me."

He stooped and picked up the handkerchief with the lace border.

"No," he said, "don't say that. Not the end, age is not counted by years, it is counted by other things," and he coughed uneasily and waited as if to watch the effect of his speech before continuing. "In reality," he went on, in the hard

voice that would have jarred horribly on more sensitive nerves — "in reality I am older than you, for I have found the world so much colder than you can have done." He said it with deliberation, as if each word were weighed, or had been learnt beforehand. "I wish you would teach me to live out of the abundance of youth that will always be yours."

She listened to him attentively; she turned and looked towards her left, far ahead, away into the distance, as if puzzled and fascinated by it, almost as if she were afraid of the darkness to which the distance reached. Then she gave a little nod, as if she had remembered that it was only the trees of the Regent's Park that made the blackness.

"If you would teach me to live out of the abundance of youth that will always be yours," he said again, as if on consideration he were well satisfied with the sentence, and thought it merited a worthy reply.

She listened attentively for the second time, and looked half puzzled: —

"I should esteem myself most fortunate, if I could be of use to any friend of Walter's," she answered, with sad but almost sweet formality.

"You have so many who love you —"

The voice was still hard and grating.

"No," she said, "oh no —"

"There is Sir William Rammage." He spoke slowly.

"Ah!" she said sadly, "he forgets. And old association has no effect upon him."

"Has he any brothers and sisters?" he asked. It was a curious question.

"They are gone. They all died years and years ago."

"It is remarkable that he never married."

"I suppose his inclinations did not prompt him to do so."

"He seems to have no one belonging to him."

"There are hardly any left," she answered, with a sigh, "and unhappily he does not appreciate the companionship of those —"

"Aunt Anne, dear Aunt Anne," Florence said, "do come in, you will catch your death of cold."

"My love, the carriage is waiting and you must excuse me; it is growing late. It has been delightful to be with you, and to meet your friends."

She shook hands with Mr. Fisher, and bowed to Ethel Dunlop; then she went slowly out of the room on Walter's arm,

the long train of Madame Celestine's dress sweeping behind her.

"Good-night, Mrs. Hibbert," Mr. Wimple said, and, shaking hands quickly with the air of a man who has many engagements and suddenly remembered one that must be instantly kept, he too was gone.

He was just in time to reach the carriage door.

"Mrs. Baines," he said, "I think you said you were going to South Kensington — could you take me as far as Queen's Gate?"

"I wonder where he is going," Walter said to himself as he went up-stairs again; "I don't believe he knows a soul in Queen's Gate."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE YARROW OF WORDSWORTH AND SCOTT.

NEARLY in the centre of the Borderland of Scotland, — through the heart of the mountainous district known of old as the Middle March and The Forest, — there flows, from the south-west to the north-east, a stream much spoken of for the last ninety years, and famous in story, song, and romantic ballad. This is "the Yarrow," — literally, perhaps, "the rough stream." It is a broken water certainly, but a rough stream it is not in any proper sense of the word. From the point where it leaps from the Loch of St. Mary, full-born, to where it is fused with its brother water, the Ettrick, not far below the battlefield of Philiphaugh and the grey ruins of Newark, it is usually bright and sparkling, passing from rapid stream to calm, reflective pool, but for the most part rippling, restless — rushing down amid the smooth rounded stones of its softly musical strand. To the ear which listens and broods over its flow, there seems to be a suggestion of that cadence of the ballad measure, which is so appropriate to the pathos of its story. The valley of the Yarrow — which may be taken as beginning above the Loch of the Lowes, and running north-eastward for some twenty-five miles — has hills on either side of the rounded, massive kind, that flow down to the stream in a consenting parallelism and harmony. Those in the upper reaches of the valley, especially if we take in the tributary Meggat Water, have a marked impressiveness and grandeur, rising with massive fronts to more than twenty-six hundred feet, their sides cut and cloven into deep grey heughs and

scaurs, where of old the red-deer herded; but from the outflow of the Yarrow from the Loch they are gently sloping heights of some fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet, green and wavy in outline. The valley has thus no Highland cliffs to show, no great height of mountain, no striking grandeur of peak or summit; it has nothing by which it can appeal with sudden and intense impression to the eye or the sensuous imagination. Yet it has a charm, has had a charm through many ages. People, even at first sight, look and wonder, are stirred and brood over the scene — over the lonely river, as it passes on amid those green, soft-sloping, wavy hills; the placid monotone of its bare, treeless scenery; the deep pastoral stillness of its braes and hillsides, broken only it may be by a fitful sway and sough of the water, or the bleating of the sheep that, white and motionless, dot the knowes. And if you stay there for some days, in summer or autumn, you will find that the stream and valley know well the mists and the sunshine, the rapid change of grey darkening cloud and bright gleaming sun-glimpses through the mottled heavens, that touch the heart to pathos and then to joy; it has, in a word, its "dowie dens" and its "bonnie houns," reflected it would seem in its sad and joyous song.

Around this stream, — this valley with its hills, its ruined towers, its storied names, — there has grown, through the last three centuries at least, a fulness of stirring associations and of imaginative feeling, a wealth of romantic ballad and pathetic song, such as is not paralleled in Scotland; such as is only matched in some respects by the lyrics that rose in the time of Burns to life and beauty on the banks of the Lugar and the Doon. The Yarrow we see is thus not the Yarrow we feel. The bare stream has been uplifted to the heaven of imagination; to the dreamland of poetry and pathos. That quiet Border stream has flowed for many ages throughout the heart of the land of old romance; and it will flow in the time to come with a quickening power and thrill for all souls capable of being touched by the simplicity, the strength, the tragedy of our old-world life, and of love faithful to death. It belongs now to the realm of the ideal, and this encircles us as the heavens, and changes not, "whate'er betide." But its ancient story and ballad I cannot here touch in detail. I wish now only to look for a short time at a certain modern outcome of the older minstrels' lays, and try to realize that mysterious

charm which the Vale of Yarrow has exercised over the spirits of two men of varied genius — men who were able to express in the melody of accomplished song what many have been able only to feel — I mean William Wordsworth and Walter Scott.

It is now eighty-nine years since Wordsworth passed down the vale of the Tweed, and first linked his name to the long line of the minstrels whose hearts the Yarrow has stirred to song. This visit to Tweed-side and the Borderland recalls strange and thrilling memories of a time long gone. It takes us back to the rich and glorious dawn of our modern poetry and romance; and we seem to see moving in it the young and eager faces of some of the men who were destined to fill all Britain, even all Europe, with the thrill of their rhythm and the power of their song. These men have done their work; they have now passed away; and we have but their writings and their graves. Walter Scott, then but thirty-two, was haunting Tweedside and the glens of the Borders in search of old legend and romance, and the Ettrick Shepherd was herding on the hills of Leithen Water. As yet neither had made his mark in literature, but Hogg was seeing ecstatic visions on the hillside, and Scott was going about restlessly crooning to himself the stanzas of the as yet unpublished "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and the young century had the promise of one of the richest summers of literature the world has known. When Wordsworth and Scott met for the first time at Lasswade, and afterwards conferred together on Tweedside, at Melrose and Jedburgh, who, looking to that day and comparing it with the present, will venture to give us words adequate to estimate the wealth of ideas, of purifying, ennobling emotion, of ideals that lift us above self and pelf and the down-dragging world, which has been added by these two men alone to the treasury, the spiritual treasury of mankind?

Wordsworth, looking from any one of the mountains of Cumberland, which he was accustomed to climb, might have seen in a clear day the shadowy forms of the Cheviots and other Border hills; but if he had been in Scotland before, it was only to cross the border. In August, 1803, he, his sister Dorothy, one of the noblest, most richly endowed, and most self-sacrificing of women, and Coleridge, their friend, left Keswick for a tour in Scotland. The travelling equipage was an Irish car and one horse — a slow-going

mode of locomotion truly; but we may be thankful it was so, and the tour so leisurely done. There was much keen observation and rich meditation — much fine emotion by the way, many stirrings of heart and fancy, which are now immortal. Compare this way of travelling and its results with the boasted modern method of being shot through the air like live luggage, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, and think of the fine poetic fancies which usually are inspired in the railway carriage! Ours is the day of the maximum of locomotion; is it not also the day of the minimum of reflection? After journeying through the Highlands, Wordsworth and his sister on their return home visited Scott and his wife at Lasswade on the 17th September, 1803 — the memorable day on which the two greatest men of the time first clasped each other's hand. Wordsworth and his sister parted with Scott at Lasswade, under an engagement to meet again in two days at Melrose. The two travellers made their way to Peebles and the Tweed. Just before this time the fine old wood at Neidpath had been cut down by its owner — the Duke of Queensberry — to spite his heir of entail. It was on a Sunday that Wordsworth visited Neidpath Castle, and on his return from it he was accosted and taken aside in Peebles by some one in authority, and required to give an account of himself — the poet being probably, and not unnaturally, by the municipal mind considered a sort of vagrant or tramp! He seems to have escaped with an admonition; they did not put him in jail. The result of that day's visit to Neidpath was the famous sonnet on the destruction of the wood there. He commemorates the outrage, but has an eye for nature's remedy of its own wrongs — man's outrage, nature's healing: —

Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to
heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and
bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle
Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

Leaving Peebles, Wordsworth and his sister went down the valley of the Tweed. Innerleithen, Traquair, Elibank, Ashiestiel, each had its share of notice. At length they reached Clovenford. The question now was, Shall we turn aside to Yarrow — that is, down by Yair away to

the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed, and so up the Vale of Yarrow? There was something of a debate between the poet and his sister on this point. The sister was obviously eager to go and see the stream that flowed through the heart of old romance. The poet himself seems to have been in a curious and for him unwonted mood. For some reason, convenience or other, he was not disposed to go. They did not at least visit Yarrow on this occasion, and we have the colloquy between brother and sister in "Yarrow Unvisited." The poet at first says almost lightly:—

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?"

"What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed of slight and
scorn;

My true-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

Sometimes an accident of arrangement stays us from doing what we most desire. Perhaps there was something of that sort here. But later stanzas reveal a deeper feeling in the heart of the poet. It was not that he slighted the stream that he would apparently pass it by. Rather, it was almost too sacred for him to see, to look at, at least, in a hurried way. It was to him already an ideal of beauty, grace, romance. He "had a vision—a Yarrow—of his own." And this ideal vision of the Yarrow must have been founded mainly on the ballads and songs referring to it, which had been given in the "Minstrelsy of the Border," in 1802 and 1803. Hamilton of Bangour's "Braes of Yarrow" was clearly also familiar to him. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—the first of Scott's great creations—though written, was not published until 1805. But obviously Wordsworth had already eagerly assimilated, and made part of himself the Yarrow of the "Minstrelsy." Here he found the Yarrow, no doubt, of the faded forest, of the Dowie Dens, of the Blackhouse tragedy, of the wan maiden awaking to life in St. Mary's Kirk at the touch of her lover's hand, of the sweet flower of Dryhope wedded to the rough reiver, of

the youth dead in his prime of love and promise in the cleaving of the crag. And the poet feared to undo the image, to confront his ideal with the real. Here is the true reason of "Yarrow Unvisited:"—

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!

It must, or we shall rue it:

We have a vision of our own;

Ah! why should we undo it?

The treasured dreams of times long past,

We'll keep them, winsome marrow!

For when we're there, although 'tis fair,

'Twill be another Yarrow!

Scott was afterwards to work on the old life, story, and legend in his own manner of re-creation, idealizing, and picturing for the senses,—the harshness, even the coarseness, softened in the mellow light of memory,—so that we not only feel this curiously mixed past to be real, but even rejoice in its strength and tenderness. Wordsworth, as his ballads on Yarrow show, was to take up the same material, deal with it in his own fashion—that is, pass it through the flow of his meditative fancy—and link it to emotions, which, while peculiarly and intensely the property of the poet himself,—the seer,—are so real, deep, and fitting that every true man afterwards feels them, and is enriched by the clear consciousness of spiritual possession.

Eleven years pass away, and Wordsworth is once more in Scotland, and in the Borderland (1814). He lodged, he tells us, the night at Traquair, where Hogg joined him, coming across from Eltrive, and also Dr. Anderson, the editor of the "British Poets," who was on a visit at the manse. It is probable, I think, from Wordsworth's own statement,* that he slept at some small hostelry, or public-house, in the village of Traquair, not at the manse, where I wish he had lodged. At this time the minister was the Rev. James Nicol, one of Scotland's true singers, though he has not left us very much of song. One of his best lyrics is "Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers." Mr. Nicol, however, was from home. Mrs. Nicol seems to have entertained the stranger in the evening, sending for William Laidlaw,—Scott's friend, and the author afterwards of "Lucy's Flittin',"—who was living not far off, then tenant in Traquair Knowe, to meet him. Next morning the party, including, I think, Hogg, William Laidlaw, Dr. Anderson, and Wordsworth, walked up by Newhall on to Glenlude and the watershed there,

* Works, vi. 41 (Knight's edition).

through one of the greenest, purest, most pathetic glens in the Borderland; the glen where the fringe of the birks, fragment of the old forest, first greets you in the early spring, and in autumn warns you by its wan tint of the fading life of the hillside, — a meet and sacred vestibule to Yarrow. It was from the ridge of the watershed of this valley, and the descent on the other side, that Wordsworth first saw the Yarrow. The ridge and descent give the best first view of the stream. The soft, green, wavy line of hills to the south, on the opposite side of the valley, arrest the eye; the stream is below, seen glancing and winding to the east; the hills on each side conceal the river to the west, but hint its course. Eltrive Lake, Hogg's first assured and real home, whither he brought his bride, and where he lodged his old father in his declining years, is seen on the opposite side of the valley, where Eldin Hope opens and carries the eye up to the heights of Thirlestane overlooking the Ettrick. Dark, broad-browed mountains, often misty-topped, bound the view to the west, where we know lie concealed St. Mary's Loch, Loch of the Lowes, and high and dark Loch Skene. But immediately before us all is gently green, soft-flowing, sacred, —

More pensive in sunshine,
Than others in moonshine, —

bare, treeless, with but occasional purpling interspaces of heather; and though man has here and there set down a homestead, with some little planting round it, this does not break the simplicity and unity of the scene; nature keeps hill and haugh still her own, and works on them through the varying year her own sweet, wild will. Wordsworth was now in presence of the reality of his cherished ideal. And what were his emotions? What did he say or sing, in "Yarrow Visited"?

And is this — Yarrow? — *This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream,
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? A silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender, hazy brightness.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of Sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of Love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond Imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

"You look on Yarrow," says Principal Shairp, "you repeat those four lines over to yourself, and you feel that the finer, more subtle essence of nature has never been more perfectly uttered in human words."*

Clearly Wordsworth saw the Yarrow on a bright day, yet he felt a certain solitude of silence, and "pastoral melancholy." Still there are times when the phrase "the dowie dens" is not quite appropriate. There is also the feeling of "the bonnie houns" of Yarrow, which is equally real and true. The Yarrow, indeed, has a peculiar aptitude for suiting itself to, in fact drawing out, varying moods of mind. There are few valleys, as I have already hinted, whose scenery is capable of greater contrasts at different times, and under different atmospheric conditions. It can smile and cheer in sunshine; it can softly soothe in its green pastoral calm; or when the stream steals through the misty haughs, it can sadden, even depress, by suggestions of awe, gloom, and indefiniteness. On the same day even, the stream is in the sunny noon clear and sparkling; in the gloaming, it wears a wan, pathetic look. A sudden mountain shower will shroud it in gloom; to be followed by a sudden outburst of sunshine, which renders its green sloping braes at once golden and glad. It thus suits equally the emotion of finding the youth dead in "the cleavin' o' the crag," and the joy which thrills the lover over his successful suit.

Seventeen years have passed, and

* From "The Three Yarrowes," in "Aspects of Poetry; being Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1881" — a book full of true insight and fine suggestion.

Wordsworth is now sixty-one, having conquered his position in the realm of English poetry, — a crowned monarch of song. Scott is sixty, and he too is an acknowledged lord, — the lord of romance. But, alas! the darkening margin of the eclipse is now stealing over the noble brow, and he is on the eve of leaving Scotland for Italy, if haply he may be restored to himself and the world. Wordsworth and his daughter Dora came to see him at Abbotsford on a Monday evening late in September. On the Tuesday, he, Scott, Dora Wordsworth, and some of Scott's family drove to Newark on the Yarrow. It was only the lower reach of the well-loved stream which that day they touched —

Where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.

Scott was seriously ill; it was the last day he was destined to look on Yarrow, the stream of his heart, but the end was not yet so ominously certain. There was still a hope for him in the approaching journey to Italy. We can thus understand the feelings with which his friend, Wordsworth, accompanied him to Newark. We have the memory of the visit forever preserved to us and the world by Wordsworth, in "Yarrow Revisited," over which the shadow of Scott's illness, "the sore pressure of fact," as his friend tells us, lies very heavily. Ah! that pressure of fact, how it restrains the poet's flight, yet deepens the outcome of the poet's heart!

Once more, by Newark's castle gate
Long left without a warden,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;

But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:

Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

"Yarrow Unvisited" has been represented as indicating reserve of force — the writing of one not caring to expend the imaginative power on an actual scene; holding back in a sort of prodigality of youthful power and exuberance. I confess I see little of this in the first poem, just as I do not see in the last — "Yarrow Revisited" — any traces of halting or vacillation or imperfect reflection. In "Yarrow Unvisited" there is simply a half-playful, half-regretful apology for absorption in other work or scenes, almost certainly a wish not to disturb, by a hurried visit, a long-cherished ideal. In "Yarrow Visited" there is an abundant realization, though in an unexpected way, of the imaginative vision. And in "Yarrow Revisited" there is the force of "the sore pressure of fact," the sense of the writer's own years gone, and of his friend's too obviously impending fate, — this and the suggestions of the autumnal day, finely, tenderly, pathetically intermingled. The three Yarrows have been taken as typical of what are regarded as "the styles" or forms of Wordsworth's poetry. In the first, there is a literalness and directness of reference to what might be supposed to be the mere outward features. In the second, there is the distinct growth of reflection, fused with the carefulness of outlook, and the interpretation of scenery through subtle spiritual symbolism. In the third, the characteristics are emotion and reflection, and saddening thoughts — seeking relief, but in no way hopefully. In all of them there are some stanzas of as high an order of poetry as Wordsworth himself has reached, or as any other of Yarrow's singers has given us through the ages, and that is saying much.

Wordsworth and his daughter Dora left Abbotsford on the Thursday. Scott, with difficulty, wrote some lines in Dora's album, at her request. They contain a touching reminiscence, and an ominous foreboding. At Jedburgh, twenty-eight

years before, Scott had recited to Wordsworth cantos of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," ere it was published. Wordsworth had liked it, and approved, and Scott, the young poet, was encouraged. Now Scott sat down in his feebleness, and wrote these lines:—

And meet it is that he, who saw
The first faint rays of genius burn,
Should mark their latest light with awe,
Low murmuring from their funeral urn.

Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews in "Annals of my Early Life," recently published, gives the lines as follows:—

'Tis well the gifted eye, which saw
The first light sparks of fancy burn,
Should mark its latest flash with awe,
Low glimmering from its funeral urn.

The journey to Italy was of no avail. No human love, no human emotion, could stay the march of the all-crushing power. Passing through the ford of the Tweed that evening on their return to Abbotsford, Wordsworth turned round and caught a sight of the Eildons. The light shed on the triple heights gleamed weirdly, and it touched him; and afterwards he wrote those lines:—

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
blythe strain,

Saddens his voice, again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the
might

Of the whole world's good wishes with him
goes.

Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
knows,

Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

The foreign land had nothing to show—nothing to stir or arrest the broken spirit. Once or twice Scott was roused; but then it was at the sight of the tombs of the Stuarts in Rome or of the heather on the Italian hills, so like what there was on the braes of Yarrow. Nothing of classical poet, nothing of Italian verse came into the memory, but only a snatch like this under the Italian skies:—

Oh! it's up yon heathery mountain,
And doon yon bracken glen,
We dauna' gang a-milkin'
For Charlie and his men.*

* See Lockhart's Life, vol. vii., p. 357.

This, too, was the last visit of Wordsworth to Yarrow. But when the Ettrick Shepherd died, in November, 1835, the memories of the place came over him, and stirred him to a power of song, as characteristic as anything he has written:—

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves which had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber,
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

It is true of most Scottish poets, whose bent has been at all in the line of outward nature, that they have been first and most seriously impressed by the locality of their early surroundings. This has been a quickening and a nourishment to them, and we find the impression thus gathered moving through and tinging their after-poetry in various ways. The leaping rush and the linn-pool of the Ayrshire burn are first felt in "The Cherry and the Slæ" of Alexander Montgomery. The soft moonlight on the hills high up on the Jed Water, and the power of its winter storms are manifest in "The Seasons" of James Thomson. Beattie in the "Minstrel" shows the gleam of the sea, as he viewed it from the heights above Fordoun; and, greater than all, the streams, the glens, the haughs of his native Ayrshire thrilled the soul of Robert Burns, and he wove the banks and braes of the Doon,—

Auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,—

as golden threads through his unsurpassed love lyrics. And, later than Burns, the melody of the sensitive, fine-souled Tannahill was poured forth amid "the braes of Gleniffer" and "Stanley's green shaw."

But Walter Scott was more markedly than any of his predecessors, or indeed any of his successors, a poet of places and

names. The observational,—the noting of thing, places, and incidents both local and national,—was his pre-eminently, and this it was that fed his historical imagination. These were with Scott in many instances the very substance of his work. And as with the poets I have mentioned,—as with Byron too by the Dee and under the shadow of Lochnagar,—Scott took the coloring of his poetry and the bent of his imagination from the streams, glens, and hills of his early childhood and youth,—particularly old Smailholme Tower and its crags; the long, stately reaches of the Tweed at Kelso, where he was at school, and where as a boy he read the Percy Ballads; but, above all, the waters of the Yarrow and Ettrick.

But the place, the name, was only a part of the inspiration. Those place-names had come down from the past charged with legend, story, tales of heroism, rude raids, love, sacrifice, and death,—charged, too, with dreams of the spiritual, the supersensible, world, often graceful as the fairy vision, often dark and weird as the most gruesome mediæval fancy. They were suggestive of the fine forms that glimpse on the moors in the moonlight, of the dread weird terrors that, to the old imagination, haunted the darkness of the winter night, and were borne as of wings on the midnight winter storm. They were associated, above all, with national and local story, family feuds and traditions, hand to hand encounters, which had been set for the most part in intense, simple, yet touching and beautiful ballad and song:—

Those strains to savage virtue dear
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere Polity, sedate and sage
Had quenched the fires of feudal rage.

To Walter Scott, the poet, the near descendant of the ministers of Yarrow and Selkirk,* and thus the heir of all the memories of the vale and stream, the Yarrow was an object of overpassing interest. In a heredity of soul whose communion with the past was its innermost pulse, "the Forest,"—the district of the Yarrow and the Ettrick,—was in name even redolent of past story, and full of suggestions that touched all the range of his fancy. The very desolation of it, its ruined peels, the modern bareness of hill and glen, had an especial charm for him. As strongly as the old "Violer," Nicol Bourne, he felt—

Full many a place stands in hard case,
Where joy was wont beforrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

In the heart of Scott, notwithstanding the apparent gaiety, social cheerfulness, and delight, there was through life a deep undercurrent of sadness. This very frequently tinges his description of scenery—especially of the Border district; and I cannot help feeling that this background of pathos is due partly to that mood of mind which broods over an interesting and stirring past not to be recalled, and partly to what may be called the monotone of the Border moors, glens, and hills. At the brightest, the height of summer, the joy they inspire is a chastened one; and for many months of the year they are "wae-some" as the wind sighs over the sapless bent, the faded brae-side, the browned and broken bracken, and the dark stretches of heather. There is a long winter, a slow, cold, halting spring, and it is late ere the life of summer comes to touch with color the deathlike face of winter—not indeed, as a rule, until the yellow violet and the rock-rose peer in June, set like golden gems amid the tender shoots of the green hill-grass.

The very name of "the Forest" is linked with ancient story in a manner that touched Scott to the core—in fact, made him the singer and magician he was. It is redolent of the outdoor life of the whole line of the old Stuart kings. They, with all their failings, loved their native land with an inborn hereditary love, with a feeling of kinship born of the soil. They mixed with the people familiarly, and helped them personally as best they might; and being almost constantly in the saddle, tenting it in Yarrow, Meggat, and Ettrick, killing there the deer by the score, as was the custom of the time, had more acquaintance with the glens and the hills of the Lowlands, more enjoyment of free, natural life in those far-spreading wilds, than has been at all possible to any British sovereign since the union of the crowns. And in some of the old Stuart line—notably James I. and James V., and probably also Mary—the pathos of the glens touched and quickened a chord of poetry in the heart.

Though

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,

Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow,—

* John Rutherford, the minister of Yarrow, Scott's great-grandfather, married Christian Shaw, the daughter of the Rev. John Shaw of Selkirk.

yet we can well understand the lines in which it was described of old, —

Ettricke Foreste is a fair foreste;
In it grows many a semelie tree.
There's hart and hind and dae and rae,
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie.

Then there were other associations which came home to the mind and heart of Scott with peculiar power. There in that Forest there rose on the memory names and visions of unspeakable charm. Newark and Oakwood, where Michael Scott's lamp burned o' nights; the fairy Carterbaugh, where Janet waited on the eerie midnight moor for the fairy riders, and, woman-hearted, gripped her lover and tore him from the envious power and the jealousy of the queen of Fairy; the Hangingshaw and the Outlaw, with his green-coated gallant riders, and his wide-summoning bugle-horn; the dowie dens and the grief-stricken maiden, her lips ruddy from kisses of her dead lover's wounds; Dryhope and the Flower of Yarrow; St. Mary's Kirk, where only now the grousecock calls and the plover wails, yet suggestive of quaint and limitless romance; and the grave of the wizard priest —

whose bones were thrust
From company of holy dust —

a lonely churchyard, where still the peasant,

dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

It was these — the names, the stories, the traditions, the legends of the past — which stirred and filled the soul of Scott. For him they were enough without symbolical suggestion, musing, or reflection. They had been in some form or other a part of human experience, a stirring, storied past, touching human sympathy, and even teaching human lessons, and the heart of Scott, like the heart of Shakespeare, was as wide as humanity. Scott's faculty lay in the directness and intensity of his feeling, in the transparent power of spontaneous art. And well it is that we should have this side represented and revived, especially in these times. For, notwithstanding the power of symbolism and reflection, when truly, purely, naturally evoked, there is a great danger on this side — the danger of morbid individualism, and the consequent overflow on what is sacred and pure and fitted to touch the universal heart, of a lurid and even degrading personal mood. Wordsworth has been a blessing to the land; others, as individual, have been a good deal the re-

verse. Scott was ever open to the outward — "the best shows of sky and earth" — the widest scope of story, tradition, natural scene. He was healthy at the core; because he was open, waiting, reverent. As has been said: "Unlike Byron, who always drew from himself, his versatility was unbounded; like Shakespeare, he was equally at home with the clown and the sage; and, like that great dramatist, he

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.*

This passion for the Yarrow and the Border country was at the heart of Scott. It made him, and he enriched the land in turn.

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek.

This depth of interest enabled him to see and to feel what was good and pure, what was tender and pathetic, what was noble and heroic in the old life, the old manners, the old deeds there — and so to link this forever with the sympathies — the universal heart of mankind —

For thou upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow.

The introduction to the second canto of "Marmion" lays bare the whole inner heart of Scott. It is devoted almost wholly to the Yarrow. It is the lifelong feeling of the man — deep, loving, passionate. Regret for the past, vivid imagining of it, old memories strong as if they were present perceptions, the softening and subduing power of old story — all this we find: —

Yon Thorn — perchance whose prickly spears,
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers —
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough:
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

* Vedder, *Memoirs*, p. 83.

Here is another mood, but of the same sort, tinged with regret. It is dated "Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest." (Introduction to "Marmion," canto fourth):—

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vexed boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have donned their wintry shrouds again:
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mixed with the rack, the snow-mists fly;
The shepherd who in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretched the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labor for the swain.

The lines on St. Mary's Loch in calm, in this introduction to "Marmion," show Scott's power of direct picturing at its highest and best. But they do more; for with the outline to the eye is mingled the impression on the soul, made directly by the scene—the loneliness, the pathos of the bare hillside, the silence, only brought home more deeply by the sound of the mountain streams. This mingling of the outward and inward, of eye and soul, is comparatively rare in Scott's descriptions. It does not, indeed, rise to the symbolism of Wordsworth, with whom the epithet is as suggestive of moral quality or feeling as it is accurately descriptive of the outward. But the soul subdued, pathetic, and passive in presence of the lake and its surroundings, shows how deeply the scene had entered Scott's very heart; entered it as probably only a scene in Yarrow could do. The lines are household words; but I make no apology for quoting them in this connection:—

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain.

Of in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;

Thou know'st it well, — nor fen nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with health, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

This description is even now essentially true, notwithstanding coaches from east and west, and that dreadful planting by the margin of the loch on the Rodono side, which seems intended to show how impervious man can be to nature's grace and charm.

The pictures of St. Mary's Loch left by Scott, Wordsworth, and by Hogg also, who has given us an exquisite description, are of its placid mood. Scott, indeed, has also pictured it in storm, but they have all dwelt on its calm aspect. It is seen hushed to rest amid the hills, whose peaceful shadows lie within its bosom, far down in its quiet depths, as if in a fusion of earth, sky, and water—the whole in an ideal—"a far nether world"—and a more perfect symbol of sympathetic calm cannot be found, where the overlooking hills are face to face with their own forms, in the still, responding mirror. But one may on an October day find a very different Yarrow from that of the poets now referred to, and a very different St. Mary's. You get to the point on Mount Benger where the Yarrow opens on the vision, or ought to do so; but the day is cloudy, and there is a thickening mist moving in folded wreaths. Going downwards from the hill above the Gordon Arms, the valley is dimly seen; certain patches of it stand out more nakedly than others, suggesting the glimpses of a river-flow, wan rather than bright. The hilltops and higher reaches of the glens are shrouded; you are aware only of the sloping braes on each side of the stream. But towards the loch

the mist lightens, and you find the expanse of water by no means in a quiet mood. It is dark grey, like the sky, wild, shimmering restlessly, and streaked with foam. The hills do not view themselves to-day in the peaceful mirror, and there may be a swan, but there is no double — a "shadow." It is now perhaps that one feels the power and suggestiveness of St. Mary's at its greatest. It may be that one's thoughts, full of troubled Border story — deeds of violence, blood, and daring — find in the turmoil of the loch that the spirit of old times is thus moving, thus imaging itself. It is at least true that the placid St. Mary's of Scott and Wordsworth is a merely one-sided representation of the real — an idealized picture of a not uncommon aspect. The loch is not privileged above the human hearts — that were stirred of old by the dule of Henderland, the tragedy of the Douglas Burn, where the maiden saw that her lover's blood tinged "the wan water," and the constant alarms of midnight reivers in those adjoining, night-shadowed glens — with an everlasting calm and perpetual sunshine; and when troubled by storm, and its "snow-white sprites" rise and sweep in their power, it is the appropriate symbol of the old life, the old emotions, and the old deeds, appearing almost as if it kept in its bosom, but could not always restrain, the memories of that strife, stirring, and romantic past.

J. VEITCH.

From The National Review.

THE GUANCHES OF TENERIFE.

THE visitor to Orotava, the new health-resort in Tenerife, is sure to hear a good deal of talk, more or less intelligent, about the Guanches. During his pleasant post-prandial idlings in the cool garden of the hotel, with the murmur of the fountains in his ears, the sweet smell of a multitude of flowers in his nostrils, and with his eyes upon the white cone of the Peak, twelve thousand feet above the hotel roof, the verdant, vine-clad hills of Orotava, and the more distant ridge of Tigayga, he may even be tempted into soliloquy about those mysterious ancients who once had the island to themselves. Perchance a smiling little Spanish urchin accosts him in the midst of his musings, and, with a delightfully reverent salutation, asks if his worship would like to see some curios which he and his comrades have lately discovered. The treasure may prove to

be nothing more than a handful of human teeth in excellent preservation, and a number of little beads of terra-cotta; both beads and teeth being Guanche relics. Other Spaniards, more ambitious, make up to him with attractions of a stronger kind. If his worship is an antiquary, or a lover of ancient things, he is invited to journey for a few hours with them, to a certain cave, unknown to the rest of the world, where he may see for himself rows or heaps of these dead aborigines of Tenerife. His worship is urged to lose no time; for, of a certainty, if any ignorant agriculturist of the district gets wind of this find, he will use these remains of the Guanches for the fertilization of his vineyard or his potato-patch. This is a very seductive lure; for has not the visitor, ever since his arrival in Orotava, been much interested by a certain hole in the face of a precipitous cliff over the black shore sands a few hundred yards away, the sheaf of thigh-bones set jauntily in the opening being an unmistakable advertisement of the original purpose and contents of the cave? He may even have exerted himself so far as to ascend to the summit of the cliff itself. Thence he has looked, by a gap in the ground, into this very pit, the other aperture of which is cut in the vertical face of the rock. And he has found some entertainment in gazing for a few minutes at the medley of bleached skulls and backbones, and arms and legs, which thickly litter the cave some fifteen or twenty feet beneath him, but inaccessible without a ladder or a rope. Then, as a crowning stimulant to his fancy, he may, last of all, have paid a visit to one or other of the local Spanish collectors of Guanche remains, and listened with considerable interest to enthusiastic expositions of the fine qualities of the skulls which are put before him for his admiration. "These the crania of a debased type of mankind having affinity with the negro! Look at the lock of golden hair still adhering to this withered scalp. A skald of the north might have sung its praises in a saga. Who knows? the German scholar who claimed the Guanches as a collateral branch of his own noble race may, for aught we can say, be justified in his seeming extravagance. A race, my dear sir, the like of which we shall never see again. Shame upon my nation for having been the means of brutalizing and extinguishing it!" With such words as these the antiquaries of Orotava are sure to excite the extreme amount of curiosity about the Guanches of which the visitor is capable;

and he may wish to know more about them.

If so, it is not very difficult to satisfy him. There is no lack of printed matter on the subject. The pity is that it is so hard to draw the line between what is true and what is due mainly, if not altogether, to the imagination of the old chroniclers and poets who have subsequently been raised to the dignity of historical authorities.

We have no book written by a Guanche. Manifestly none but a Guanche could give us anything like an exhaustive and wholly credible narrative of the institutions and customs of the people. Such records as we possess are the work of Spaniards not even contemporary with the Guanches before the Spanish conquest was completed. The conquest put a summary end to the individuality of the nation. How could it have been otherwise, when it was a cardinal principle with these eccentric filibusters of Spain to go on their errands of conquest with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other? The people who did not straightway renounce their old beliefs (and the habits contingent upon their beliefs) were exterminated as a matter of conscience. If they did thus confess that they and their forefathers had hitherto lived in error and ignorance, they were hardly safer from extermination by more insidious methods; and in thus surrendering their self-respect they made the first step towards that abyss of degradation which was sure to be their ultimate fate. They had lost cohesion, and so their ancient customs and polity were destined soon to be swallowed up by the new methods of life imposed upon them by their conquerors. In half a century they would have become traditions, and nothing more; and in a century most of them would be forgotten. It may be imagined, therefore, that there is much that is defective and merely conjectural in Spanish writings about the Guanches, most of which date from the seventeenth century, the conquest itself having been completed in the year 1496.

We need not inquire very exactly into the origin of the Guanches. That were quite futile. There is no basis upon which to build an incontestable theory on the subject. The authors who have seen in the inhabitants of the Archipelago the posterity of Noah by two mysterious vagrant children, Crano and Crana (male and female respectively), who landed here and named the islands after themselves, do not seem to have much probability on their

side. Other authors regard them as descendants of the Canaanites expelled by Joshua from Palestine, or of certain of those Egyptians who, in Herodotus's time, made the grand tour of the African coast; as offshoots from Tyre and Sidon; the remnant of the inhabitants of Atlantis; and I know not what else. There is little of exact testimony to support any one of those theories; nor does philology here help us much, though there seems to be some affinity between the fragments of the Canarian languages which have come down to us and the language of the Berber race of the adjacent mainland of Africa.* The word Guanche is merely an expansion of the simple root *guan*, "a man."

Although the inhabitants of the different islands of the group were, comparatively speaking, so near to each other, it is affirmed that they had no intercourse. Hence the stupefaction with which the Guanches are said to have regarded the white-sailed ships of the Spaniards, which they believed to be living creatures. But this assertion must be accepted with reserve, especially as it concerns islands so near to each other as Tenerife and Gomera, and Lanzarote and Fuerteventura. Among a people who could spend a whole night swimming in the sea, with a torch in one hand and a harpoon in the other, there were sure to be certain bold spirits whose curiosity would lead them to cross the strait between their own isle and its neighbor. The fact that the word *guan* was a root common to so much of the nomenclature in the other isles, as well as in Tenerife, is enough to support the plea for a common origin, whether or not in later times each island developed a dialect of its own incomprehensible to the people of the other islands.

The character of the islanders has been differentiated in a somewhat shrewd and singular way. According to Bontier and Le Verrier (the two chaplains who, in 1402, accompanied Béthencourt, the first European invader, in his expedition against the island), "it would be difficult

* An interesting object was, in 1886, found close to the seashore of Anaga, in Tenerife, by Don Manuel de Ossuna. This is a pyramidal stone about three inches long by an inch and a half at the base, with upon one side a smooth and inscribed surface. After much patient and learned investigation, Don Manuel has been able to assure himself that the writing on the stone is a composite of Punic, Hebrew, and Semitic characters—in fact, a Phœnician dialect—and he ascribes it to the third or second century before Christ. The "Anaga Inscription," as it is called, is rather a witness to the vagabond habits of the Phœnicians than to the culture of the Guanches.

in all the world to find a handsomer or braver people, or one more intelligent, if only they had the means of cultivating their intelligence." The inhabitants of Fuerteventura and Lanzarote are said to have been compassionate, though stern, friendly, sociable, and fond of dancing and music. Those of Gomera (where, even after the conquest, it was a custom to offer woman's milk to a stranger) excelled in feats of skill and marksmanship, and were audacious in enterprise. The natives of Palma and Hierro were a melancholy people; the former much in subjection to their wives, and the latter notorious for their melodies, which "affected the bowels of hearers in a singularly sympathetic manner." The Grand Canarians were lively, clever, courageous, amiable, and truthful, according to some; but treacherous, according to others. All agree that the Guanches of Tenerife were strong, active, warlike, modest, generous, honorable, and patriotic. Such encomium as this could be passed upon few nationalities now or at any time in the world's history.

From the latitude of their isles, the Canarians were likely to be swarthy; but they were no kin to the negroes of Africa. Buffon's words on this point are explicit: "Excepting the flat nose, these people had nothing in common with the negroes." The Spaniards would have scorned to intermarry with negro women; but they did not scruple to seek wives among the Guanches and other Canarians, partly from policy and attracted also by the beauty of the Canarian women. Indeed, so early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, nearly a hundred years before Tenerife was forcibly invaded, the nephew of Béthencourt, who accompanied his uncle to the islands, abducted a native princess of Grand Canary and married her. The princess, a girl of eighteen, and her attendants were bathing in the sea, in ignorance that certain Spaniards were in the woods near the shore. These rogues thus found them an easy prey. The princess was carried off to the adjacent island of Lanzarote, already in the possession of the Béthencourts, as vassals-in-chief of the king of Spain; and there, in the words of the chronicler, "the priest bathed her afresh in the holy baptismal stoup, whence she went forth so beautiful and strong that M. Maciot, noble Béthencourt's nephew, made her his wife; and from them twain have proceeded the illustrious family of Béthencourt, like flowers from a garden." This maiden is described as being "so fair

that the very sea felt a passion for her, and for whiteness she outvied the snow."

The women of Grand Canary were, indeed, especially renowned for their beauty. No doubt they owed their light complexions to the native custom whereby they were prohibited from leaving the house without the express permission of their husbands. The only indulgence they were allowed was that of sea-bathing, and it was an offence punishable with death for a man to be found on that part of the coast thus devoted to their use.

The Guanches were no less interesting physically than the people of Grand Canary. Viana, in his epic on the "Antiquities of the Fortunate Isles" (a long and terrible poem, in which the author's enthusiasm carries him through a page of forty lines without a full stop), is extravagant in their praise. His portraiture of Bencomo, the last king of Taoro (the Valley of Oratava), and the chief obstacle to the conquest of Tenerife, is quite microscopic. The monarch is set before us as a man seven cubits high, with a broad, wrinkled brow, his hair divided over it; piercing black eyes, thick eyelashes, and eyebrows that met above his large, wide-nostriled nose; with thick lips, parted to show a "prodigious number of diamantine teeth" (sixty molars!); wearing a heavy moustache, the ends upturned, and a snow-white beard to the diaphragm. This burly sovereign was blessed with "muscular arms, covered with scars, stout knees, strong legs, and small feet." If we attire Bencomo in a *tamarco*, or loose robe of fine skins, put a coronal of flowers round his spacious forehead, sandals upon his feet, and, for a sceptre, the arm-bone of his great-grandfather, Tinerfe, in his hand, we shall see his Majesty in as much personal pomp as he ever cared to assume. The kings of the more easterly isles were greater martinets. They wore coronals of sea-shells and embroidered pelts. But they were of a weaker nature than the king of Taoro, and, with their well-known arts, the Spaniards soon put an end to their sovereignty.

We have no such exact photograph of a Guanche woman. Bencomo's daughter, Dacil, who was wooed and won by a Spanish knight, is limned rather as if she were the heroine of a mediæval romance. Her hair was "more golden than the sun;" her eyebrows were of the same hue; and she had "a dainty mouth, the plump lips of which seemed made of the purest coral." One's heart may go forth to such a maiden; but one feels that she is some-

what phantasmal. Viana puts a great many absurdities into her pretty mouth, and makes her commune with herself about her love for Don Castillo, the Spaniard already mentioned, as if she were a modern damsel oppressed by problems of conscience and psychology. The duties of the ordinary Guanche woman were, in times of peace, to make the *gofio* in the simple hand-mill still in use in the island, look after the house, and help her husband with his pastoral and field labors; and, in times of war, to follow the army, carry off the wounded and attend to them, and bury the dead.

Nothing was more characteristic of the Canarians than this staple food of theirs, called *gofio*. The islanders of our own day are passionately devoted to it. In truth, however, it is a very plain article of diet. It is only the flour of roasted maize, peas, beans, or barley, or a compound of two or three grains. Yet fragrant, indeed, is the perfume from a *gofio* water-mill, with the householders tarrying round about it to carry off their flour to use ere the aroma has left it.

The sojourner in the agreeable hotels of Orotava may, if he pleases, tickle his palate at breakfast-time with some of this *gofio*. He will not venture, like an accomplished native, to take a handful of it and throw it down his throat. It would choke him almost to death if he did. The waiter will considerably offer it to him in warm milk or coffee, or mixed with a little honey in the form of a cake. It is appetizing enough with any one of those condiments. The old Canarians mixed it with hot mutton-fat, milk, honey, or goat's butter. Their successors follow their example. The poorest people eat it with water only, seasoned by a pinch of salt; and upon this meagre species of gruel many a Tenerifan brings up a family of seven or eight stout children at a cost of a few pence a week. The traveller in the islands will observe that his guide would as soon think of going without his shirt as without his little sack of *gofio*, from which he now and again stays his stomach with a fist-full. In Palma, to this day, and no doubt elsewhere also, an inexpensive sort of *gofio* is made out of the dried roots of the bracken which abounds in the pine forests on the mountain slopes.

The islanders attributed their good health and longevity to their *gofio*. "On this diet," says Sosa, "I have seen men and women of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty who have been as fully intelligent at the time of their

death as when they were forty or fifty; and others of eighty and ninety who made nothing of a walk of twelve or fifteen miles up and down *barrancos*, and who carried a stick, not as a support, but as a diversion." Perhaps, however, the climate ought to come in for a share of the honor thus ascribed to the *gofio*. Another thing: The Guanches drank no wine, because they knew not of its existence. Our advocates of teetotalism will not deny that this also was a potent influence in the happy, protracted lives of the Canarians.

But longevity is common enough in the Canaries at the present day, and this though the island wine has lost its earlier repute, and is now one of the surest possible causes of a colic. Out of a population of 237,036, it is no bad record to have 4,039 persons (1,665 male, and 2,374 female) between the ages of seventy-one and eighty; 729 (314 male, and 415 female) between eighty-one and eighty-five; 499 (157 male, and 342 female) between eighty-six and ninety; 87 (35 male, and 52 female) between ninety-one and ninety-five; 37 (13 male, and 24 female) between ninety-six and a hundred; and three (all women) over a hundred.

Besides *gofio*, the Guanches found abundance of other articles for their dinner-table. A banquet in Tenerife included sheep and goats, lambs and kidlings, roasted whole; mushrooms and other fungi; strawberries and cherries, as well as the more common dairy, vegetable, and fruit produce of the land. The Guanches liked their meat roasted until it was almost a cinder. They had large appetites, if we may believe the tale of the man who ate a kid and twenty rabbits at a single meal.

The strength acquired by the Canarians through their simple and healthy manner of life, and their methodical athletic exercises, is little short of fabulous. It is difficult to credit some of the stories that have come down to us in illustration of this.

The following is told of a man of Gomera. He and certain companions swam one day to a rock at a little distance from their island, to gather cockles and other shell-fish. When they were about to return, to their annoyance they found themselves surrounded by a horde of sharks. One of the men then straightway dived into the sea, and grappling the first shark he touched, he hugged its body with all his might, so that it began to lash the water with its tail. This frightened the

other sharks so that they all decamped, and the men of Gomera made prompt use of their opportunity, and were able to swim home in safety.

In Palma the women were as robust as the men. We read of a certain one of them, Guayanfanta by name, who, being pursued by several marauders from the adjacent island of Hierro (a proof that the islanders did occasionally intercommunicate), allowed the foremost of them to come up with her. Him she then seized, and carried in her arms towards a ravine. She proposed to hold her captive over the abyss until she had made terms with his companions. Unfortunately, however, she was not fleet enough of foot to escape the others.

That the men of Palma were not wanting in stoical courage the deed of one Mayantigo may bear witness. Being wounded in the arm, and perceiving that the wound was about to mortify, he deliberately cut off the diseased limb below the elbow with his other hand. As the Canarians used knives of obsidian instead of steel, this must have been a painful and not a very speedy operation.

But the Guanches, and their neighbors of Grand Canary, seem to have excelled all the other islanders in their feats of skill and strength.

After the Spanish occupation, a certain enormous stone was for long pointed out as one of the instruments of the Guanche athletic courses. The natives had been able to lift it, set it on their shoulders, and even throw it over their heads. Their degenerate posterity, and the Spaniards, could not raise it from the ground.

Tradition has immortalized one Adargoma, of Grand Canary, who could wrestle for two successive hours, and having been thrown undermost in a certain contest, got his antagonist between his legs and arms, and squeezed him so that his bones began to crack.

This native was subsequently sent as a prisoner to Spain, where he astounded the people by his performances. One day, in Seville, he was visited by a brawny youth of La Mancha, who was anxious to try a bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargoma, "as we are going to wrestle together, it is only reasonable that we should begin by drinking something." A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand, and continued to address his challenger. "If with both your arms you can overpower one of mine, so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of this wine, we will try our strength

together. If not, you may return to your own home." The struggle took place, and Adargoma by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner, without spilling a drop of the wine. His one hand was more than a match for the other's two.

It was reckoned nothing out of the common for a man to take an untethered ox by the horn with one hand, and slay it with the other. A certain native-born priest of Grand Canary, in the seventeenth century, showed that he inherited some of his ancestors' vigor. He could not only kill an ox in this way; but one day, hearing that an enraged bull had broken loose, and was in the street, he ran out, and grasping it by the leg threw it down, and so held it until its owner was able to secure it. This doughty son of the Church, before his death, chanced to have one of his legs amputated for a cancer. It was then found that his thighbone was solid, with no trace of marrow. It must be confessed, however, that the relics of the Canarians, now found in their burying places, do not bear out the inference that this was a national characteristic; though their dimensions are certainly a testimony of the strength and size of their late proprietors.

From their infancy the islanders were taught to be adroit in self-defence. They were pelted systematically with little darts and balls of clay, and the pain when they were hit served as an admirable educative agent. Stones and sharp-pointed javelins were substituted when they had grown to boyhood. It was under a training of this kind that they developed the promptitude in attack and in defence which took the Spaniards so greatly by surprise. These veteran warriors could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Guanches catch in their hands the arrows of their bowmen. And they were no less amazed by the terrific velocity, precision, and force of the stones which were hurled against them as the overture of a battle.

As a test of his alertness, a Canarian was wont to give three men a dozen oranges, and invite them to pelt him as hard and fast as they pleased. He invariably caught the oranges in his hand, but never missed his own aim. At Seville, too, a Canarian would, for a few pence, let any one pelt him with stones, from a distance of seven or eight yards. Without moving his left foot, he avoided every stone. A people who yoked themselves to the plough (a framework of wood with goats' horns stuck in it), and could give and take so dexterously in the field, were not foes to

be slighted. The Spanish general who urged his men against them with the words: "Forward, my sons, forward! I am not afraid of naked folks!" the next moment received a stone in his mouth which sent several teeth rattling down his throat. In the first engagement between the Spaniards and the Guanches, the former, spite of their coats of mail and superior weapons, lost twice as many men as the latter.

The religion of the Guanches was no very complex theological or superstitious system. Like most uncivilized people of some intelligence, they had a dim idea of a First Cause or Creator, to whom as such they paid homage. Viana's words on the subject are interesting:—

In idols they believed not, nor worshipped
Nor regarded false gods
With vicious ceremonies and rites;
Rather, by love benevolent and pure
Inspired, they all agreed in one Chief Cause—
Adoring and believing in one God alone,
Whom they confessed infinite and just,
Omnipotent, holy, and merciful—
And called in their own tongue *Hucanech*,
Guayaxarax Acucanac Menceito
Acoron, Acaman, Acuhurajan;
Sublime and reverent designations
Which signify—All Powerful,
Sustainer and Author of things that are,
Without beginning and without end, Cause
or Causes.

As their religion did not teach them that they were essentially vile and prone to evil, the Guanches had no need of priests and sacrifices of atonement. The *faycan*, or so-called high priest, might rather be termed the grand vizier or the lord chancellor. He was the second person in the kingdom, and acted as president during the national games and in the courts of justice. It was for him to examine and give or refuse approval to the claim of the sons of the nobility to be consecrated nobles in their turn. This was a curious ceremony. The candidate was summoned before the *faycan* in the presence of the people, who were thus addressed by the *faycan*:—

"I conjure you to declare if you have ever seen — [the candidate], the son of —, enter into the cattle-yard to milk or kill the goats; if you know that he has prepared food with his own hands; if he has made forays in time of peace; if he has been uncivil or spoken amiss, especially to a woman."

The people having borne witness that, to the best of their knowledge, the youth had never been guilty of such iniquitous

actions, the *faycan* cut his hair below the ears, put a wooden lance into his hands for the royal service, and declared him a noble. But if he had soiled his hands by milking a goat, he was degraded instead of being advanced, his hair was all cut from his head, and he was one of the commonalty for life.

There can be no doubt that, theoretically and in fact, the Guanche rule was a despotism of the most absolute type. Humboldt views this as a great reproach to the Guanches, and will therefore by no means admit that they merited the praise for their simple and happy lives which has been so abundantly bestowed upon them. He is particularly irritated by the code of conduct which made it as much as a nobleman's dignity was worth to milk a goat. "We are astonished to see the useful labors of agriculture and pastoral life exposed to contempt at the very dawn of civilization." But here the end may be said to have justified the means. Though a despotism, it was one of the most mild and benevolent type. Moreover, it was strictly in harmony with their scheme of the creation. God, they said, in the beginning created a certain number of men and women, and with them created sheep and goats for their sustenance. Afterwards he created other men and women, but did not add to the existing stock of victuals; and when his later creations applied to him for sheep and goats he bade them "serve the others, and they will then give you food." The line between rich and poor was thus very emphatic.

The Guanche traditions about their kings went back no farther than a hundred years before the conquest by Spain in 1496. At that time the whole island of Tenerife was under a single ruler, "the great Tinerfe." This monarch had nine sons, who, it is said, rebelled against their father (perhaps for his longevity) and divided the island between them into nine petty principalities; and it was in this state of subdivision when Alonso de Lugo the *conquistador* (whose martial figure is so common an object in the churches of Tenerife) came against it from Spain.

In realms so circumscribed, among a people who knew nothing of money, who had but to scratch the soil to make it bring forth fruit, and under a climate of proverbial sweetness, it may be imagined that ambition did not greatly abound. The poor lived in peace and plenty, each under the shade of his own fig-tree, and the monarchs of the respective kingdoms did their best for the common weal.

The morality of the Guanches and of the other Canarians was what one would expect it to be among a people of so simple and pastoral a life. In Tenerife it was as easy to divorce as to marry. If a man loved a woman, he strove to win her goodwill, and, having obtained it, asked her father's consent. The bestowal of this constituted the marriage ceremony. If, subsequently, they disagreed, they separated amicably, and each was free to marry again, upon the understanding that the children by their former marriage were to be regarded as illegitimate. The feudal custom of prelibation was in force; and when the king journeyed through his realm, the wife and daughters of his entertainer were gladly, and as a matter of course, placed at his disposal. But, on the other hand, nowhere was there less chance of promiscuous immorality, seeing that it was an offence, punishable nominally with death, for a man to accost in the open a woman with whom he was not acquainted. As a further precaution, the sexes in certain localities each had a road to themselves. A survival of this custom exists to this day on a plateau among the mountains of Taganana, in the north-east corner of the island. A little chapel occupies the site, with a track on both sides of it, one of which is traditionally used by men, and the other by women.

In Lanzarote, where the women were very beautiful, at one time polyandry was in force. The wife was allowed to have three husbands, whom she favored in rotation month by month; the two spouses in abeyance meanwhile acting as her domestics. In this island the preponderance of males was so great that, by a barbarous law, it was obligatory for a long time to kill all male children except the first-born. But a pestilence eventually brought relief to the unhappy mothers of Lanzarote. The population was thereby so much diminished that the law was repealed.

In Grand Canary an institution of Vestal Virgins, presided over by the faycan, played a conspicuous part in the scanty religious ceremonies of the people. The girls, who were all of noble birth, were enrolled between the age of six and ten. Opinions differ as to whether they were or were not subsequently married. Some say they were free to take husbands after the age of thirty. Meanwhile, however, they lived a life of chastity. At the birth of a child they were summoned to pour water upon it and give it a name. Daily, also, they offered a libation of goats' milk to the Creator. But in times of drought,

when the crops were imperilled, they were the chief functionaries in a ceremony which began with an ascent of a high mountain, attended by the faycan, the nobles, and the common people, with boughs and palm-leaves in their hands. On the mountain-top the Virgins offered butter and milk, and wailed and danced to propitiate the Deity; and afterwards they descended to the seashore, and with rods and sticks thrashed the inflowing waves until they were tired, shouting furiously over their work.

In Tenerife, in the like case, the faycan and the people, having assembled on a mountain, joined their cries to the bleating of a number of kiddings and lambs that they had reft from the dams and carried with them. This incense of petitioning was supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to the Almighty.

We have seen that the physical education of the young was well cared for in the islands. Nor were their manners and morals neglected. The poor relied for their training upon their parents; the father of a household being priest and teacher, as well as bread-winner. But the children of the nobles were subjected to more exact discipline.

Among the Aztecs, a girl just budding into womanhood might well have been terrified by the formal discourses which it was her father's duty to address to her: "Oh, my darling daughter, this world is a world of tears, sufferings, and unsatisfied desires. This is a certain truth which we know by experience; mark what I say, my daughter, that this world is evil and hard to endure, where there are no pleasures unattended by discomforts. An old proverb says that there is no pleasure separated from sadness, and no perfect rest here on earth," etc.

An Aztec lad was enlightened in the same chilly manner.

But with the Guanches it was a little different. To be sure, the youth was bidden to regard pride as a fault, anger a cruelty, avarice as vain, luxuriousness a disgrace, idleness an infamy, and was further taught to love and fear the Creator, love his neighbors, obey his superiors, keep his word, honor his father, be true to his friend, and lead an upright and cleanly life. But his instructors held example to be better than precept. The Guanche father would thus say to his son: "Behold those two men, my boy. The one has a cheerful countenance, is respected, has many flocks, and is strong and well. The other lives like a dog, does good

neither to himself nor any one else, and is despised by all of us. The former is a good man; the latter is a bad man. You would, of course, like to resemble the good man. Therefore, follow in his steps."

Words like these could hardly fail to have an invigorating and beneficial effect.

In Grand Canary the daughters of the nobles were sent to school, to one or other of the *Harimaguadas*, or Vestal Virgins already mentioned, and there they stayed until they were of a marriageable age. What they were supposed to learn except the rudiments of good manners, dancing, and the art of embroidery upon skins, one can but conjecture. Nothing in the nature of literature has come down to us from their time. Be that as it may, when a child merited punishment at the hands of the Virgin in charge, the castigation was performed in the following quaint allegorical mode. The schoolmistress took a bunch of twigs, and thus addressed her flock: "If I were so-and-so's daughter (naming the parents of the naughty little girl), and had done such-and-such a deed (mentioning the offence), I should well deserve to be whipped severely with this birch in this way." She then flogged the ground with great heartiness. Strange to say, this performance was, by the misbehaving damsel in question, esteemed as much a disgrace as if she had really been chastised in public.

Proceeding from the punishment of schoolgirls to the punishment of adults, we find much diversity in the method of treating criminals in the different isles. The Guanches were very lenient. The king held periodical assize in the *Tagoror*, a circular space near his palace. He sat on an elevated stone, covered with skins, and below him were the great men of the realm. The felon brought before him was generally sentenced to be beaten there and then. But the punishment was admirably tempered with mercy; for no sooner was it at an end than the culprit was led away to have his bruises treated with ointment. Some say that the beating was wrought with the arm-bone of the first king of the realm, which served the reigning monarch as a sceptre. But this were a rod too hard for an executive so mild as that of the Guanches.

Viana, in his poem, has so confused the customs of the different isles that he cannot be relied upon for particular information. He tells us that disobedience was punished with death by stoning; homicide also with death; theft with flogging; that if a damsel accosted a man in an impudent

manner she was liable to imprisonment for life, unless the man came forward and married her; and that adultery was atoned for by a living burial. The fact is that, in Tenerife, there were no capital offences. Adultery, homicide, insults to women, and theft were supposed to be punished to the utmost degree by imprisonment for life, with forfeiture of goods.

In the eastern isles housebreaking seems to have been the most heinous of their crimes. In *Fuerteventura* it was requited with death if the culprit had made a breach in the wall, or had scaled the roof; and in Grand Canary it was a capital crime to enter the house of another person without permission, no matter in what way. In the former island, the executioner despatched his victim systematically: he led him to the seashore, stretched him upon a large, flat rock, and pummelled his brains out with a round stone.

Our knowledge of the jurisprudence of the other islands is very fragmentary. In *Palma*, which was divided between twelve princelings, society was so anarchic that the man who could lift cattle with the greatest dexterity was most respected. In *Hierro*, on the other hand (which was under the sway of a single sovereign), theft and homicide were punished alike by mutilation; an eye for the first offence, the other eye and the limbs being forfeited in rotation for subsequent convictions. In the Canaries, as in Venice under the *doges*, it was not thought discreet to degrade a noble in the presence of his inferiors. Thus a felon of high degree had the privilege of being whipped by night.

We can give no very exact account of the several industries of the Guanches. Naturally, they were of the most primitive kind. The ordinary islander was content to be an agriculturist and a shepherd. In the season of field-work he prepared the ground with a stick having a goat's horn at the end. This was his hoe; and his wife and daughters sowed in his footsteps. When the corn was ripe, it was for the women to cut and tread it with their own hands and feet.

Architecture was a science in a very inchoate state in the isles. The multitude of caverns in the scoriæ of the volcanic soil seemed to the Guanches designed by nature for habitations. A qualified builder was, therefore, also "an adapter of caverns." These last were either chiselled square in the white tufa, as one may see them to this day on the south side of the island, or used in the natural state, with,

for a roof, the Gothic vaulting blown by the gas of the molten lava in its flow from the Peak at a remote period in the island's history. The houses themselves were simple constructions of stones and mud, rushes, boughs, and straw. A description is extant of the Church of Teguisse in Lanzarote, in 1596, which we may well assume to have been built by native masons after their acceptance of Christianity. It was "of mud-walls baked in the sun, thatched with straw and stalks. It had no windows, but was lighted from the door. It had no division for the choir, and on both sides of it were stone seats running up to the chief altar." The domestic architecture of Lanzarote was of a more advanced kind than that of the other Western isles. But the chiselled porticoes of the houses were so small that it was most convenient to pass through them upon hands and knees; and within, the smell was apt to be trying, for the natives dried the meat in the house as if it were a chimney, and there was little ventilation.

The ordinary Guanche dwelling-house was well supplied with furniture if it contained beds of straw or fern, palm-matting, knives of obsidian (which abounds on the upper slopes of the Peak), a basaltic hand-mill for the gofio, such as are still in use, pottery, seats of stone covered with skins, shells for spoons, needles of fishbone, thread of sheep's sinews, and splints of pine wood for torches. The preparation of certain of those various trivial necessities gave employment to a good many of operatives, who constituted the industrial part of Guanche society: dyers of skins and rushes, curriers, weavers, net and mat makers, etc.

Those operatives were no doubt held in respect at least equal to that which was bestowed upon the common peasant. Two other classes of men, however, were exempt from all honor in the esteem of their fellow-creatures. These were the executioners, or butchers, and the embalmers.

In the villages of Tenerife one may still see a trace of the execration in which the shedders of blood were regarded, in the isolation of the butchers' shops of the community. A Guanche butcher or embalmer was forbidden to have intercourse with the rest of the world. He was fed at the expense of the community, and that was the only advantage his labor procured for him. The islanders loathed bloodshedding. If, in the course of battle, a Canarian noble struck down an opponent, he would not give his victim the finishing

blow; that was the duty of one of his vassals. It was an insult even to cut raw meat in the presence of such a man. Further, during the war of the conquest, the Guanches thought they were degrading the Spaniards their prisoners in the most ample manner when they set them to kill the flies that annoyed the goats of their herds.

The embalmers were a guild of men and women who were concerned with the dead of their respective sexes, and who intermarried and thus handed on the secret of their methods as a close tradition. It was with them as with those New Zealanders who, two score years ago, took charge of the dead of their respective tribes. These latter were under a terrible ban of ostracism and uncleanness. "Some of the forms of the *tapu* (an indefinable Maori term) were of a most virulent kind. Of this kind was the *tapu* of those who handled the dead, or conveyed the body to its last resting-place. This *tapu* was, in fact, the uncleanness of the old Jewish law, and lasted about the same time, and was removed almost in the same way. It was a most serious affair. The person who came under this form of the *tapu* was cut off from all contact and almost all communication with the human race. He could not enter any house, or come in contact with any person or thing, without utterly bedevilling them. He could not even touch food with his hands, which had become so frightfully *tapu*, or unclean, as to be quite useless. Food would be placed for him on the ground, and he would then sit or kneel down, and with his hands carefully held behind his back, would gnaw it in the best way he could."*

The Guanche embalmers seem to have been somewhat extravagantly praised for their skill, great though this may have been. The mummies that have been disinterred from the caves of Tenerife have been credited with a fabulous age. But there is nothing to prove their antiquity. It is more reasonable to suppose that they are relics of the later epochs of Guanche history. If they had been found in prodigious numbers, by tens and hundreds of thousands, it would have been different. But the largest find on record is that mentioned by Viera in the last century. That was in a cave between Arico and Guimar, on the south side of the island. About a thousand mummies were there brought to light. It is possible that some of them, as Viera surmises, may have lived in the

* Old New Zealand. By A. Pakeha.

time of King Juba; but there is not a tittle of evidence to support the surmise.

Not all the Guanche dead were embalmed. The privilege appears to have been confined to the nobility and the royal families. The common people were, it is probable, merely laid on the floor of the sepulchral caverns with vases of milk and butter by their side; and thus it is their dust in which the modern tourist who hits upon a Guanche sepulchre sinks knee-deep in the course of his investigations. In the island of Palma, indeed, they did not wait until the invalid breathed his last before they entombed him. When he seemed sick unto death they removed him into a cave, laid him on a pile of skins, set a jar of milk within his reach, and then closed the mouth of the cave.

The process of a Guanche embalment was as follows. As soon as the man was dead, he was carried to a broad flagstone, disembowelled, and deprived of his brains. The ears, nostrils, fingers, toes, and other tender parts, were then washed twice a day with salt and cold water. Afterwards, the whole body was well rubbed with an ointment of goats' butter, turpentine, powdered briarwood, pumice dust, and other materials. A certain absorptive preparation of flowers and pomegranate leaves was impelled into the stomach; and, the corpse, having been exposed to the sun for several days, was finally, in a fortnight, handed to the relations of the deceased as a complete and successful mummy. All this time the funeral obsequies were being celebrated. Of the ceremonial of those obsequies we know nothing, except that many tears were shed, and great lamentations were made. Lastly, the mummy, having been tightly enveloped in several sheepskins (from three or four to twelve), and bound with thongs of hide, was marked for further recognition, and conveyed to the cave. These skin wrappers were either fresh or prepared by tanning; and they left the head and feet uncovered. Within the cave, the mummy was set on its legs against the wall, side by side with its predecessors, or thrust upon a shelf cut in the rock, with its feet outwards. If of princely dignity, it was enclosed in a coffin of very hard wood, raised on a light scaffolding two or three feet above the ground. The *débris* of those frameworks still litters some of the caves of Tenerife.

The people were scrupulous to choose for their sepulchres caves the most difficult of access. The peculiar conformation of the island, and especially its

yawning ravines with perpendicular sides, aided them in this matter. After the conquest, moreover, they kept the secret of the burial-places very jealously to themselves. The Spaniards, who thought to find gold and silver among their dead, were much disappointed when they had discovered certain of the sepulchres, and had ransacked them to no purpose. That incident also helped to keep the other caves for long intact. No doubt some of them are still undefiled by the foot of the irreverent explorer. Others, however, during the centuries immediately succeeding the conquest, were rifled of their dead by the mariners of different nations, when once it was known that Guanche mummies had, by European apothecaries, been given high and expensive rank as curative drugs — to be taken internally.

The process of embalming in Grand Canary was much the same as that in Tenerife; and here also the mummies were deposited in caves that few except acrobats and Canarians could approach.

It cannot be said that the Guanche mummies in the museums are very attractive objects. The ghastliness of their dark, sunken faces, with features that look as if they had been distorted in a death agony, is hardly redeemed by the remarkable whiteness of their teeth, and their dainty, almond-shaped finger-nails. The latter may be viewed as a token of the nobility of the mummied personages.

It may interest our dentists to know that these islanders thought they preserved their teeth by drinking, not while they ate, but half an hour after a meal. As for the beverage, it was only cold water.

Having thus briefly described the chief characteristics of life among the Guanches, I may say something, in conclusion, about the manner in which the Spaniards overcame them. Tenerife was the last island of the seven to surrender its independence. The eastern isles of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, and also Gomera and Hierro, were all occupied by Béthencourt and his followers early in the fifteenth century. Grand Canary, however, was a hard nut for the Spaniards to crack. They tried all means to subjugate it; and it was only by a combination of force and treachery that, after eighty years, they eventually succeeded. This accomplished, Alonso de Lugo, a certain Spaniard who had already done bloody work in the other islands (including Palma, which he invested in 1493), turned his attention to the Guanches.

As has been said, Tenerife was at that

time divided into nine small kingdoms. There was disunion among the petty monarchs; so that when Bencomo, king of Taoro (of which Arautapala or Orotava was the royal residence), sought to form a league in opposition to the Spaniards, he was able to secure the support of only two of the kings. Of course, this was fatal. There is no knowing how long Tenerife might have been able to repel invasion if it had been united in self-defence. As it was, the conquest was achieved within two years.

Bencomo played his part with kingly dignity. The Spaniards sent an envoy to urge him to accept their offer of peace and friendship; to adopt the religion of Christianity; and to acknowledge the sovereignty of their Catholic Majesties of Spain, who would then take the island under their protection, and maintain all the liberties of the people. To this Bencomo replied that he was quite willing to be on friendly terms with any one who had done him no wrong, and that he would, therefore, admit the Spaniards to his friendship on condition that they immediately evacuated the island; that, as the Guanches had no clear idea of the Christian religion, they preferred to inquire well into the value of it ere they accepted it; and, lastly, that the Menceys or kings of Tenerife had never yet degraded themselves by acknowledging the superiority of other men.

The issue of arms was thus inevitable. We need not put much faith in Viana's tales about the Guanche augur who foretold to Bencomo the downfall of his people, and whom Bencomo, in a rage, caused straightway to be hung from a tree. Perhaps, too, the idyllic episode about Dacil and the Spanish lieutenant, Castillo, is wholly imaginative. The European is supposed to fall in love with Bencomo's daughter's reflection in a spring, the girl herself having climbed into the overhanging boughs of a tree to hide herself from the stranger. But all historians agree that De Lugo met with so stout a reception in the first battle that he thought seriously of giving up the attempt upon Tenerife in despair. The Guanches, with their stones, their wooden clubs garnished with flints, and their long lances, the points of which had been hardened by fire into the consistency of metal, were much more than a match for the swords and arrows of the mail-clad veterans of Spain. Six hundred of the latter were left dead on the battlefield, and only three hundred Guanches.

But the Guanches did not know how to profit by such a decisive victory. They set their prisoners at liberty, and thus enabled De Lugo again to take the field, with new recruits from Spain. The tables were now turned upon the Guanches; seventeen hundred of them fell in battle by Laguna, and only forty-five Spaniards. The Spaniards were merciless slaughterers. Tinguaro, Bencomo's brother, came into their hands; and, having decapitated him, they sent his head to the king of Taoro, with the message that the same fate would befall him if he persisted in opposing the invaders. "This does not terrify me," was Bencomo's reply. "I am determined to defend my honor, my country, my life, and my people; and I desire no greater happiness than to die like my brother and those who died with him."

A pestilence broke out among the islanders. Thousands of them died by it, and the dogs preyed upon their unburied bodies. This gave De Lugo the best possible opportunity of completing his work. He again ascended from Santa Cruz towards Laguna and Orotava; and, having won a battle at the place still called Vittoria (now a little village with a white-spired church among palm-trees and fruit-trees), he marched into the valley of Orotava, in the track of the retreating army of natives.

The Guanches were now at the last gasp. It horrified even the coarse, cruel soldiers of Spain to see how they met the fate that impended over them. In one house they came upon the dead bodies of three girls, who had been killed the moment before by their own father, the latter having further transfixed himself with a lance. They asked the man why he had done such a deed. "Because I would not have my children live to see me a slave," he stammered with his last breath. De Lugo feared he would be able to possess the island only at the cost of its depopulation.

The village of Realejo, a thousand feet above Orotava, under the shadow of the great precipitous ridge of Tigayga, was the scene of the last act in this war of the conquest. The Guanches were encamped on one side of a ravine; the Spaniards on the other side. At the bidding of the king, the Guanches were still willing to dare all things, and to die for their country's sake. But Bencomo was loath to sacrifice more of his people in what would necessarily be a vain struggle. He therefore called the army together, and ex-

plained how futile it would be to continue to resist the Spaniards. Shedding many tears, and sighing deeply, he proceeded:

"Forgive me, my beloved country, if I cannot protect thee against the strangers who are about to tyrannize over thee! And you valorous Menceys and bold captains, who have shed your blood in the cause of the commonweal so gloriously and fearlessly, forgive this resolution in an unfortunate descendant of the great Tinerfe, and, since I can no longer make war with any hope, accompany me to demand peace from your enemies!"

The king of Taoro, with the allied kings and the chief Guanche nobles, then crossed the ravine, and formally acknowledged the superiority of the Spaniards. The Church of Realejo marks the site of that event.

Thus, on the 25th of July, 1496, the Guanche nation ceased to exist.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A NOBLE LADY.

"I HAVE no wish for this freedom the decree grants." There was a ring of defiance in Marie de Lézeau's voice, as she uttered these words, which was in perfect keeping with the unconcealed scorn of the glance she cast on her interrogators. Did these men, forsooth, think she needed their protection?

It was the 2nd of September, 1790. Some fifty nuns were assembled in the great hall of the Convent of the Visitation at Rouen, to meet the commissioners who were come in the name of the authorities to invite them to cast aside their veils, and to take their place as citizens in this glorious new world men were framing. There was something infinitely piteous in the way the nuns shrank back from the gaze of these intruders, whose very presence in their midst seemed to them a sacrilege. Feeble old women though many of them were, they all strove to comport themselves during this most grievous trial with a dignity befitting their birth and station. But struggle as they might, tears would force their way down their pale cheeks, while their long, thin fingers worked convulsively, and from time to time a half-stifled sob was heard.

The commissioners were manifestly ill at ease. The position of would-be deliverers is a trying one at the best of times, and when the prisoners to be delivered

persist in hugging their chains it becomes intolerable. They were kindly natured men enough in their way, and the utter helplessness of these women touched them. They tried to soften their rough voices as they explained that they were there not as foes, but as friends, and had only come to see that no obstacle was being put in the way of any sister who might wish to leave the convent and take her share in the universal joy. The faint rumors of this "universal joy" which had reached the convent were hardly of a nature to tempt the timid, peace-loving sisters, and without exception they declined the invitation. The commissioners went their way marvelling greatly at the obstinacy of women, marvelling too, perhaps, that one of such striking appearance and undaunted bearing as "la femme Lézeau" should care to hide her gifts in a convent.

Although at that time thirty-four, Marie de Lézeau was in the prime of her splendid beauty, a beauty so remarkable that even fifteen years later it excited the admiration of the Empress Josephine's court. She was tall, slight, and graceful, and her manner had a certain graciousness that was almost regal in its dignified repose. She was a member of one of the oldest families in Normandy, an ancestor of hers having come over with Rollo and settled there. St. François de Paule was also one of her relations. Although the Lézeaus had always steadily refused to follow the example of their neighbors and desert their native province for the court, they had never become provincial, and Marie's father, the Baron d'Ecouche, was a man of considerable personal distinction. His wife unfortunately had one of those tempers which the French expressively denominate *difficile*; therefore, to make amends for her shortcomings, the baron devoted himself personally to the education of his children, and up to the time of his death Marie had had no teacher but her father. She was hardly twelve years old then, but, as it soon became evident that she was much too high-spirited to be left under the care of her injudicious mother, she was sent to the Convent of the Visitation at Rouen, where she remained until she was seventeen. When she returned home her relations at once set to work to arrange for her a suitable marriage; no difficult task, seeing she had a fortune. But the girl had a sharp wit of her own; she was clever too, and highly educated; she turned away with repugnance from the frivolous, artificial society into which her mother introduced her, and

refused to marry any one of the various empty-headed young men who were in turn presented to her as possible husbands.

The life of a French girl in those days was not very exhilarating, and before long Marie de Lézeau rebelled against the utter inanity of her existence. For two years she accompanied her mother to innumerable entertainments, each one of which she found more wearisome than the other; then, in 1774, concluding with the rashness of youth that she had no taste for the world, she insisted upon entering as a novice the convent in which she had been educated. There, as she knew, she would find peace, and, what was of still greater importance to one of her nature, plenty of work, and work worth doing. She had a special gift for nursing, and in the convent, at her own request, was attached to the hospital, where her skilful treatment of those under her care, her indefatigable industry and unflinching good spirits, soon attracted attention. She easily won the love of those around her, for, in spite of her rather imposing appearance, she had one of the brightest and most lovable of natures. In later life she always spoke of the years she passed in the convent as a time of great happiness, and, as it happened, it was the only peaceful, uneventful time she was destined to know. The visit of the commissioners came upon her as a rude shock, and first awoke her to the fact that a storm was raging outside the convent walls. For two years longer, however, her life went on unchanged; it was not until 1792 that the more violent party obtained the upper hand in Rouen. Then disaster followed disaster with startling rapidity. In September a furious mob attacked the convent, but failed to obtain an entrance. A few days later the municipal authorities sent for the plate, the sacred vessels, and anything else of value the nuns might possess. They were then forbidden to hold services in their chapel, and at last they themselves were ordered to leave the convent.

Thus, after an absence of eighteen years, Marie de Lézeau was forced to return to the world, and a strange, sad world she found it. The old Château de Lézeau had been pillaged and burnt; the family estates were confiscated; most of her relations were in prison, or in exile; some of them had already perished on the scaffold. She and her mother sat waiting day after day, sure, each time they heard a footstep on the threshold, that their turn had come. Once the soldiers actually arrived to arrest the baroness, but her daughter con-

cealed her behind a curtain in a bedroom before she admitted them. They insisted upon searching the house, and, to her horror, when they entered the bedroom her mother's feet were visible below the curtain. For a moment she felt that all was lost; then, dexterously placing herself before the soldiers, she talked away to them so unconcernedly that they were convinced her mother could not be there, and left the house without further search. Evidently she had learned worldly wisdom since the time she had so scornfully repulsed the advances of the commissioners. Soon after this, having found a safe shelter for her mother in the country, she resolved to go to Paris, where she thought that she could more easily conceal herself than in Rouen. Just as she was leaving the house, however, she noticed there was a guard at the entrance. She hurried to the side door, only to find herself confronted by another soldier. She had a wholesome love of life, and once a prisoner there was no hope. Involuntarily she fixed her eyes on the man with a piteous look of entreaty. He hesitated for a moment; his hand was already on her shoulder; then, whispering hurriedly, "Go and hide yourself, you are too pretty to be put in prison," he stood aside to let her pass. Within an hour she was on her way to Paris.

There she established herself in a little house in the Rue des Saints Pères, where an old *cure* from Rouen was living. Soon after her arrival two of her relations, the Marquis d'Ormesson and Vicomte Flers, were guillotined. But, undeterred by their fate, she set to work at once to help those who were even more unfortunate than herself. The suffering of the nobles in Paris was terrible. Hidden away in attics, which they did not dare to quit, were hundreds of men, women, and children, literally dying for want of bread. Madame de Lézeau — she had assumed the title of a matron upon leaving the convent — had some money at her disposal, and, when things were at the worst, she used to pass her days in distributing food among people who would rather have died than have asked for charity. As a noble herself, and one who had suffered, they could accept from her as from a sister; and the brave, hopeful words which accompanied her gifts were hardly less precious than the gifts themselves. All this time she was carrying, as it were, her life in her hand; and she knew it, for, as she walked along the streets, the very *gamins* used to call out that she was one of the hated nobles.

When peace and security were in some measure restored, she began another work. In the Tenth Arrondissement there was a municipal spinning-factory where from fifty to a hundred poor girls were provided with work. Madame de Lézeau discovered that during the Reign of Terror this charity had become thoroughly disorganized; she therefore volunteered to undertake the management of it, and to try to restore it to its former usefulness. Her offer was accepted, and thus her genius as an organizer first became manifest. Up to this time she had never been called upon to take the initiative in concerted labor, and yet, without a moment's hesitation, she assumed the administration of affairs as quietly as if she had been regularly trained to it. It was a work for which she was admirably suited; one that called into play all the varied gifts of her nature, her infinite tenderness and sympathy as well as her business capacity; and in a very short time her influence was felt through the whole institution. Many of the girls under her care were of good family, though utterly destitute; most of them were orphans, and she devoted herself heart and soul to acting a mother's part to them.

There was one obstacle, however, in her path; she was a nun bound by the vows of her order. Was it not her duty to return to her convent so soon as it was reopened? This was a question she had to face, and it was not without much heart-searching that she decided her first duty to be to her orphans. What would become of them if she left them? What work could she do in a convent so useful as this work she was doing in the world? She applied to the pope for a dispensation from her vows. This was readily granted, for it was evident that she was deserting the convent for a harder and not for a more luxurious life.

Until 1806 she continued at the factory; it was then closed by the authorities because, owing to the war with England, it was impossible to supply it with raw cotton. Many of the girls were little more than children, and Madame de Lézeau was in despair at the thought of their being thus cast adrift at the most dangerous age. She tried to induce the municipality to change its decision, but in vain; then, declaring that she could not, and would not, allow fifty friendless girls to be turned into the streets, she announced her intention of opening a home for them herself. She took a house in Rue des Saints Pères and spent what money she had in buying the necessary furniture. Her friends looked

grave when they heard what she was doing, for all she could count upon was £240 a year, and what was that towards providing for fifty children? She only smiled, however, at their remonstrances, and gently accused them of lacking faith. On the morning of the very day the home was to be opened, she learned that her agent was a bankrupt; that the annuity which was to defray her daily expenses was lost; and that the twenty-five francs she had in her purse were all she possessed. And she had just undertaken to lodge, feed, and clothe fifty children!

It was a terrible day for Madame de Lézeau, but her courage never failed her. She welcomed the orphans when they arrived with warm, motherly affection, and by no word or look revealed the keen anxiety she was suffering. It was not until they were all assembled around her in the evening, and she was reciting the grand old Litany of the Providence of God, that she gave any sign of emotion. Then, there was a ring of passionate entreaty in her voice as she appealed for help to "The providence of God, refuge of the troubled, hope of the destitute, sure defence of the widow and the fatherless," which contrasted strangely with the bright, hopeful tone of the children as they caught up the response, "Have mercy upon us." From the day she quitted the convent to her death, Madame de Lézeau's life was one long struggle, but never was she so near sinking beneath the burden of her care as on that night, when, with hardly enough money to provide them with food for the morrow, she first clearly realized that she, and she alone, stood between that little band of children and starvation or ruin. Fortunately the news of her distress had spread abroad, and the next day the money for a month's expenses was sent to her. Still for some time her anxiety was ceaseless, and she, with the two ladies who had joined her, were often forced to work the whole night through to keep the grim wolf from the door. The orphans at first could give but little help, as spinning was the only thing they could do, and it was no easy task to teach them any other occupation. But they were never allowed to be idle; some hours in the day were set apart for lessons, others for housework, or for learning to sew and to make lace. When their work was done they were encouraged to play, and a hearty burst of laughter from the children in the midst of some noisy game could at any time drive the look of care from Madame de Lézeau's face. "We must make

them happy now, you know," she used to say, "for they will have a hard life of it hereafter." Her children were to her as young recruits whom she must arm and fit to fight as good soldiers in the battle of life.

In Madame de Lézeau religious enthusiasm was, strange to say, combined with keen knowledge of the world. When her prospects were most gloomy, she firmly believed that help would be given to her; but her faith was not of the sort that stands idly waiting for miracles to be wrought in its behalf. She knew she must interest people in what she was doing if she wished for their aid. Accordingly she asked a number of gentlemen, leading ecclesiastics, soldiers and politicians, to form for her home a council of administration, which should examine her accounts and help her with advice. They consented, and were so delighted to find the institution entirely free from debt, that they gave it their warm support. She then appealed to the great ladies whom she knew to try to interest the court in her orphans. By every instinct of her nature she was *Légitimiste*, but she was not the woman to allow her personal feelings to interfere with the welfare of her charges, and all parties were welcome at the home. Hortense Beauharnais made her way there one day, and was charmed with the stately directress who received her with all the ceremonious courtesy of the old *régime*. The princess was young and generous; the thought of this beautiful lady devoting her life to the service of the poor appealed to her imagination, and she became her warm friend. She and her husband, Louis Bonaparte, undertook to defray the expenses of eight orphans, and they persuaded the empress to allow the institution to be placed under her special protection. The home soon became the fashion, and Madame de Lézeau's little parlor was thronged with distinguished visitors. Before a year had passed she was able, not only to increase the number of orphans she received, but also to develop another work she had much at heart, that of aiding those whom the Revolution had deprived of all means of support.

In 1808 she removed her orphanage to a larger house, and in the next year Napoleon gave orders that she should receive a regular subsidy from the State. As the home became more important, the difficulties with regard to its management increased. She was anxious to establish it upon a permanent footing, but who would

carry on the work when she was gone? She was a devout Catholic, one who had always seen the best side of Catholicism, fortunately for her; therefore, naturally, her thoughts turned towards founding a religious community. By so doing she would not only remove all difficulty with regard to the care of the funds of the institution, but provide the orphanage with a regular order of trained teachers. After examining the rules of the different communities, she decided in favor of those of the Mother of God, an order of nuns which had been dissolved at the Revolution. With some trifling alterations she adopted these rules, together with the name of the old order, and applied for permission to establish a novitiate. This was obtained by the influence of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, who was a warm personal friend of Madame de Lézeau. In one particular she imitated Ignatius Loyola, for she sternly refused to admit into her order any one who could not do something well. The teachers must have the gift of teaching; the sisters who were willing to cook, wash, or clean, must all give proof that they could do their work well. The interest of her orphans was the first thing to be considered.

The community was only just established in time. In 1810 Madame de Lézeau was summoned to the Tuileries, where General Duroc informed her that the emperor had decided to establish six schools for the education of twelve hundred orphans of the members of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and that she was to be the directress of them. The teachers in the schools were to be the nuns of the order she had founded — there were but six of them at that moment — and she was to be personally responsible for the houses and everything connected with the children. When Madame de Lézeau was asked to undertake this work, which would have taxed to the utmost the energy of a woman in the prime of life, she was already fifty-five; her strength too had been sorely tried during the previous ten years; and, owing to some internal disorder, she was rarely free from pain. Yet she never hesitated. She listened in silence while the general unfolded his plans, and then quietly replied that there was nothing impossible in the emperor's project, and that she would gladly undertake to execute it. As General Duroc remarked, it was evident his master had at length found a workwoman after his own heart. The imperial decree establishing the schools was published July

15th, 1810, and Madame de Lézéau set to work at once to make the necessary arrangements.

Napoleon was a hard taskmaster; no matter what obstacles stood in the way his orders must be executed to the minute. In September Madame de Lézéau was told to take possession of three houses, one in Paris, Rue Barbette, another in the forest of St. Germain, and the third at Fontainebleau; she was to open the first, with the full complement of children, at once, and the others in the spring. These houses were little more than shells, needing papering, painting, and alterations of all kinds; and, with the best will in the world, she could not fill a house with children until the carpenters and painters were gone. Then there was the furnishing, which had to be done with the utmost care, for the finance minister was always at hand insisting upon rigid economy. In the midst of her work she had to find time to wait upon the empress, receive the princesses, write to ministers, direct her orphanage as usual, watch over her novices, and arrange for increasing their number. It seems almost marvellous that her strength did not break down under the strain, particularly as all the time she was haunted by the fear that the authorities would not allow her to take her own orphans to the new homes, a point which indeed she did not carry without difficulty.

The orphanage in Paris was opened January 11th, 1811, and the one at St. Germain in the following April. Napoleon himself sent a sketch of the education he wished to be given there. It was the same as he had written three years before, in the midst of the war in Poland, for Madame Campan, and is a curious revelation of his views with regard to women. "I wish," he wrote, "these young girls to be trained in sentiments of real piety which will teach them the eternal resignation, the gentle and docile charity which religion alone can inspire. I desire that when they leave the orphanages of the Légion d'Honneur, they may be not merely pleasant women, but virtuous women; that their accomplishments may be of the heart rather than of the mind." He therefore recommended that they should be taught history and literature, but that they should be spared the study of the classics and the more difficult branches of learning: "I wish these girls to become useful women; and I am convinced that by making them such, I shall make them attractive women too." And he never missed an opportunity of impressing upon Madame de Lé-

zéau that it must be her first duty to render her charges profoundly religious.

The fourth orphanage was a magnificent old abbey at Pont-à-Mousson, a source of intense delight to the directress, who revelled in its stately beauty. Unfortunately the labor and anxiety involved by the necessary alterations proved the last straw, and before it was finished she was prostrate with a severe illness. While she was in bed, the emperor, without a word of warning, paid a visit to the house at St. Germain, and insisted upon examining everything, even the saucepans. The result would have been disastrous if all had not been in perfect order, but his "*Tout est bien*," as he was leaving, if laconic, was emphatic; and a few days later he showed his approval by granting Madame de Lézéau a pension of six thousand francs. Undoubtedly Madame de Lézéau thoroughly enjoyed her position as directress of the imperial orphanages; it gratified the old feudal instincts of her nature by enabling her to be of service to others. There was land attached to the houses in the country, and this entailed workmen and tenants, to whom she stood in the relation of a *châtelaine* with the attendant duties. Even in Paris she had quite a personal feeling for her tradesmen and those who worked for her, and in the country this was intensified. She interested herself in their families, helped them to arrange marriages, and never failed to visit them constantly if they were ill. Meanwhile her community was steadily increasing, for the work she personally had done was by this time so well known that ladies who wished for a serious occupation in life entered her order in preference to any other.

Just when things seemed most prosperous the glory of the Empire began to wane; ominous rumors of defeat were in the air, and soon it was known that the Allied Army was marching on Paris. The orphanage at Fontainebleau had to be evacuated at a moment's notice to the sound of distant cannon. Madame de Lézéau hastened to St. Germain, where the danger was greatest, and soon after her arrival a regiment of Cossacks demanded admittance to the orphanage. Knowing that resistance was useless, she resolved to try what conciliation would do; she went out on to the lawn, and with a kindly dignity that was irresistibly attractive, told the Cossack colonel and his fierce, uncouth men that, if they would give her their word not to cross her threshold, they were welcome to stay in the garden, where she

would consider them as guests. Her terms were accepted, and she herself at once distributed to them all the food she had. The next day, escorted by a division of Russian troops, she drove into the nearest town to purchase a further supply of provisions for her visitors. The Cossacks were immensely impressed by "the beautiful old lady," as they called her, and before leaving they came in a body to ask for her blessing. She gave one strong proof of her faith in them that mightily angered her old gardener. Two were invalids; she volunteered to lend them her little carriage to travel in. The whole community were sure she would never see it again; in three days, however, it was returned, with the hearty thanks of the regiment.

Soon the Bourbons were in power, and then Madame de Lézeau, staunch Legitimiste though she was, found herself regarded with suspicion. The new government viewed Napoleonic institutions with little favor, and before long it began to be whispered that the orphanages of the Légion d'Honneur were to be closed. This was a terrible blow to Madame de Lézeau, and she felt that every effort must be made to prevent the execution of a project so unjust toward her orphans. She appealed to the Comte d'Artois, to Talleyrand, to every living being she could think of who had influence at court. In vain; on July 19th, 1814, a decree was issued suppressing the orphanages. She then offered to turn them into industrial schools if the government would allow her to keep the houses; the only reply vouchsafed to her was an order to send the children off, and to send them quickly. Where she was to send them the minister did not say, although he must have known that most of them had no home to go to. This was too much for her patience, and she told the minister plainly that he might do and say what he pleased, but that she should keep with her such of the children as were friendless. In a private appeal to the king she set forth in terse, emphatic language the injustice that he was sanctioning; and showed that, as a mere question of policy, the action of the government was most ill-advised, for it was creating an untold amount of disaffection in the army, and thus alienating a part of the population it was most important to conciliate. The result proved that she was right. The soldiers grew furious at the treatment to which the children of their dead comrades were being subjected. Marshal Macdonald brought the subject before

Parliament; the ministers were denounced on all sides as the spoilers of the orphans; and the storm at length became so violent that the government was glad to come to terms. Madame de Lézeau was informed that she might keep six hundred of the children at the expense of the State. In a few months, however, Napoleon was again in France, and all was confusion, for no one knew what changes a day might bring forth.

No sooner was peace restored than the quarrels between the Archbishop of Paris and the grand aumônier of France caused endless trouble and inconvenience to Madame de Lézeau, whose order was under the jurisdiction of the two. That her ecclesiastical superiors should waste their time in frivolous disputes while there was so much work to be done in the world, was to her, as she did not scruple to tell them, incomprehensible. Through all this time, however, she was busy in establishing the future of her order; she had seen too many changes in her time to be willing to leave it to the mercy of any government. In 1824 she secured a house in Rue Picpus as the private property of the community, of which part was to be the headquarters of the nuns, and part a school for the poor in the neighborhood. She seemed doomed, however, never to work for long in peace. In 1830 France was again in an uproar. The bigotry of Charles X. had rendered the religious orders most unpopular in Paris, and the fiercest battles were fought around convent doors.

A furious mob attacked the orphanage. Knowing that in a few moments the door would be forced, Madame de Lézeau opened it herself. She was seventy-five at that time, an old woman, one too whose days had been full of labor and trouble, but there was no sign of fear in her face or of weakness in her voice as standing there alone, in the front of that fierce crowd, she calmly asked why they beat so violently at her door. Drunk as many of the men were, they yet shrank back at her appearance; but one asked if arms were not hidden in the house. "There are no arms here," replied Madame de Lézeau in a clear, ringing voice that all could hear; "only little children, and you have too much honor to force an entrance into their refuge." "She has been a mother to our children," a rough-looking man called out; "don't go in." "Don't hurt the old lady," was now echoed on all sides; and the mob, moved by one of those impulses which none can explain, raised a hearty

cheer for "the mother of the poor," and went its way. The next day she started for St. Germain, always the post of danger. She went alone through Paris on foot, for the streets were barricaded; but, far from meeting with any molestation, it was leaning on the arm of a red-capped democrat that she made her way through the most dangerous quarter.

But brave, energetic woman as she was, the time was coming when her work must cease. During the cholera epidemic of 1832 it was noticed that she had become strangely fragile in appearance, and a few years later even her iron will could not prevent her face from being often convulsed with pain. It was then discovered that she had been suffering from cancer for years, and that, while playing her part as a bright, active worker in the world, she had been enduring agony such as few strong men could have borne. As soon as she knew the end was drawing near, she went in turn to each of the orphanages under her care, and examined them thoroughly to see that everything was in perfect order. This done she had a personal interview with every member of the community; and, assembling the children around her, gave to each one of them a few words of loving counsel. She then returned to Paris to die. Her suffering increased daily, but she still continued planning, organizing, directing, until the very hour when the extreme unction was administered. That evening, however, when one of the nuns came to her as usual for orders, she said gently: "Child, do what you think best; decide for yourself; I am going to leave you now."

She died on the 28th December, 1838. One of the few personal wishes she had ever expressed was gratified for she died, as she had lived, *les armes à la main*.

From The New Review.

OUR PARISH IN IRELAND.

BY LADY BLAKE.

It was my fate to live for many years in the parish of Tubbermore, in the south of Ireland. The natural features of that part of the country are beautiful. Gently swelling hills rise along the bank of a noble river in whose waters lurk the stately salmon and the playful trout. The hill-tops are ruddy with heather, their sides emerald with pastures, or clothed with luxuriant woods through which for centuries have ranged wild herds of graceful

fallow deer. The town of Kilmottoy, once a centre of the woollen trade and famous for the stubborn resistance it offered to the onslaught of the pitiless Cromwell and his Ironsides, sits comfortably ensconced on the banks of the rushing river, which affords a convenient waterway from the sea, for barges laden with coal, flour, and other necessaries. But with the attractions and advantages bygone and present of Kilmottoy I am not now concerned, for Kilmottoy was three Irish miles distant from Tubbermore, with which we are at present more particularly occupied. The parish was protected from northern winds by the gaunt shoulders of a mountain greatly resembling a Brobdiagnagian molehill, which mountain was famous in Irish legend and Irish history. On its top the great Finn McCool had taken his station when all the lovely Irish princesses raced to win his hand. But Finn whispered to the fairest of them all, the lovely Grania, that "the more haste the worse speed," and said if she started at a walking-pace she would be sure to arrive first at the mountain-top, as those who ran would quickly lose breath and sink down exhausted. And Grania took the hint and so became the wife of the famous Finn McCool. The slopes of the mountain were not rich in vegetation but were fertile in localities celebrated for the crimes of more than usual treachery and atrocity that had been perpetrated by the interesting children of Erin, whose descendants in the days of the Land League proved themselves no unworthy progeny of sires who had stained the land with deeds of bloodshed and barbarity.

An Irish bard, in some verses in praise of his country, has introduced with probably unconscious irony the lines —

The farther off I go
The more I love my Irish earth.

Unhappily the remark is often too true as referred to the country in general, but apart from the crimes that had from time to time disfigured the parish of Tubbermore, it was really a fair and pleasant country and did not need distance to lend enchantment to its view.

The little church of the parish was picturesquely placed beside the clear and rapid river, but the edifice itself was ingeniously ugly, as are most country churches in Ireland. The body of the building was narrow and badly proportioned, and the squat, battlemented tower appended to it did not at all add to the symmetry of the whole. The south side of the small

churchyard was crowded with graves clustering around the ivy-clad ruins of an ancient chapel. This was the burying-place of the Roman Catholics; in death as in life, Protestants and Catholics shunned and avoided each other. Portions of Catholic bones and skulls were plentifully scattered over this part of the enclosure, and coffin was piled on coffin till within but a few inches of the surface, for no good Catholic would allow his bones to be contaminated by contact with those of his heretic neighbor; which was fortunate for the heretics, whose remains were not disturbed, as they had plenty of space to themselves on the north side of the approach to the church porch. To this homely little pile a small band of Protestants were wont to wend their way on Sabbath mornings, to be edified by the ministrations of the Reverend Thomas O'Toole.

This worthy man had been the incumbent for many years, and was perhaps an unfavorable specimen of a profession the generality of whom, in position, manners, and education, were far below their brethren in England. Mr. O'Toole was a tall, gaunt man, lean and ill-favored, with wild, unkempt locks, and a straggling grey beard that always looked as if it had just been blown about by a high wind. An absence of linen and palpable disinclination to the use of soap and water did not tend to the improvement of an appearance that must have been displeasing at the best. Poor Mr. O'Toole was hampered by a wife, a large family, and a very small income. The living was worth but two hundred a year, and glebe house there was none, so he had to reside in Kilcotton, which was the nearest place where a house could be had. Providence had dealt hardly with him; not only were his means small and his offspring numerous, but the latter were hopelessly healthy, so there seemed no chance that "the kirkyard would stand his friend," as the Scotch woman who had been similarly blessed piously thanked Heaven it had done in her case. Mr. O'Toole was alive to the grievance and frequently lamented over the sorry way in which fortune had treated him.

"The great mistake I made in loife, me dear sor," observed he to one of his flock, "was in marr'ng so young, but when I did so I was *well assured* that Sarah was consumptive!" Sarah, however, had deceived him, and lived to present him with olive branch after olive branch for many a long year.

Mr. O'Toole had a mighty gift of

preaching. It was my lot in early youth to "sit under him," and well I remember the thrill of dismay he often sent through me when, as a child, I listened to one of the lurid effusions in which he portrayed the torments of the damned—a theme on which he especially delighted to enlarge—which torments he seemed to consider were more particularly reserved for his congregation. When exhausted by his own eloquence he would mop his heated brow, and point silently downwards, indicating the path his hearers must inevitably pursue, till at last I grew to feel a mysterious awe of the spot beneath the pulpit, having a vague impression that it must be the direct entrance to the infernal regions.

"Ye desave yourselves," Mr. O'Toole would proclaim in a voice of thunder, "and all desaves themselves who imagines they'll escape the lowest abyss of the pit of damnation. That's a horrible idea," concluded he, surveying his flock with a grim smile.

Not that he always took such a gloomy view of the fate awaiting his parishioners. "Ye're polluted worms and as proud as the devil," he assured us, but added, "nevertheless you may hope for mercy even if you're as great sinners as cursing Peter or blaspheming Saul!" Unpleasant epithets were so frequently applied to us from the pulpit, that we grew comparatively indifferent to most of them; we did not object to being called worms, but hearing ourselves described as "polluted worms" was felt to be unflattering. However, though we might resent the comparison, our vanity was consoled by finding that after all Mr. O'Toole did not contemplate our having reached the depth of depravity he seemed to consider had been attained by St. Peter and St. Paul.

It would be interesting if the real view taken by the majority of Irish Protestants of those whom their Church distinguishes as saints could be ascertained. If Mr. O'Toole's opinion might be taken as any criterion of that of his brethren, it would seem as though the title saint implied "One who is a warning of what ought to be avoided."

All the clergy, however, certainly do not take this view of the question, but, on the contrary, appear to regard a saint as a being particularly entitled to compassion. An excellent parson in an adjoining parish never mentioned any saint except with profound pity, always speaking of the apostles as "pore Peter," "pore Paul," and so on.

Among the most striking of Mr. O'Toole's sermons was that with which he favored us regularly every New Year's day. In it he drew a mournful picture of all the changes for the worse that had taken place in his congregation during the past year. "Those who this time last year were hale and hearty," he exclaimed, "I now see come tottering and on crutches up the aisle of this church; those who then were strong and vigorous I now perceive before me pale and emaciated; those who were a twelvemonth ago rich and prosperous I now behold poverty-stricken and cast down. How many among us have become orphans, widows, childless, and friendless during the past twelve months! Oh! me dear brethren, how awfully sudden, unexpected, and appalling have been these visitations. Who can tell which among us it may not be the turn of next; who can say that he himself may not be the next to be taken!"

Unfortunately for Mr. O'Toole the point of this sermon was entirely blunted by the fact that for many years no such reverses as he deplored had befallen any of the parishioners, who in numbers were extremely small, and unless New Year's day happened to fall on a Sunday there were never more than six persons present when this sermon was delivered, and these six were in excellent health and the even tenor of their lives had glided by untroubled for many years. The line between the sublime and the ridiculous is proverbially a narrow one; in this instance it was so glaringly overstepped that none of us succeeded in preserving our gravity and endeavored as best we could to conceal our smiles in our pocket-handkerchiefs. The effort was crowned with undreamt-of success, and Mr. O'Toole flattered himself that he had moved us even to tears. "Me dear sor," he afterwards observed to a friend, "to show you the effect that may be produced by a sermon, on New Year's day Mrs. Sinclair and her interesting family were so overcome by me description of the changes and chances of this mortal life that, 'pon me word, they were all dissolved in tears. I was sorry for their distress, indeed thin I was, and I cut me sermon so short that it destroyed the sinse, and I only hope it wasn't observed."

Another favorite theme was the wrongs of the Irish Protestants. "Their heads are broken at elections," remarked he in a discourse with which we were frequently favored, "they are hunted like *partridges* on the mountains, and they have to take refuge in the *ravvins* of the rocks!"

These anti-papistical sermons were composed with a view to earning favorable notice and a better living from the bishop of the diocese, who at that time, though an excellent man, was what is called in Ireland a "Black Protestant," and who frequently displayed more party zeal than wisdom in the choice he made of those selected for preferment. With regard to Mr. O'Toole, however, his lordship proved a "deaf adder," and refused to be charmed, let him rant and rave against papists as he would.

A famous cardinal happening to depart this life, our vicar seized the occasion for a thrilling discourse beginning, "A dignity of the Romish Church has just died, his soul must be somewhere—where's that?" and before the ending his hearers were left in little doubt as to where the abode of that departed soul was, at any rate in Mr. O'Toole's opinion. But even this had no effect upon the obdurate bishop, after which Mr. O'Toole gave up all hopes of winning episcopal favor, and even expressed doubts as to the ultimate destination of the right reverend prelate himself.

He then tried to move the government to a due sense of his merits. Petition after petition in Mr. O'Toole's handwriting, purporting to be from "We the undersigned landed proprietors and parishioners of the parish of Tubbermore," and signed by the clerk, his wife, and daughter, and the sextoness (a Roman Catholic), poured in on the members of the executive. Innumerable reasons were given why it was indispensable to the honor of government that Mr. O'Toole should forthwith be presented to the fattest living in its gift. The reasons were more original than weighty. One was that he had "a large adult family to be educated," another that he had refrained from joining the Fenian conspiracy, but, on the contrary, had "evinced his *great loyalty* during the late troublous times." A third argument was that he had "disseminated in his church and parish the large number of *twenty thousand* religious tracts and useful publications for the many good purposes they were intended for." All the reasons urged were of similar nature and importance. Again it was vain. Lord lieutenant, chief secretary, and all the lesser Castle fry were heedless of Mr. O'Toole's entreaties, and he still remained vicar of Tubbermore. The rubric obliged him to read the prayer for "the lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland" every Sunday and holiday, but thencefor-

ward there was a marked diminution in the fervency with which it was uttered. In his way, Thompson, the clerk, was also an original character. Besides acting as clerk, Thompson was also the village schoolmaster, and his having been for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and having for years been subject to repeated attacks of *delirium tremens*, did not interfere with his holding these posts. "Honor'd Ma'am," he one day hastily wrote on a sheet torn from a copy book, "I feel I shall certainly go mad unless I am immediately sent to a lunatic asylum." This note he sent to the patroness of the school, who desired a car to be placed at Thompson's disposal, and the worthy schoolmaster was driven off to the neighboring asylum in Kilcotton. There he stayed for some months, till growing weary of the confinement he wrote on the fly-leaf of a book Mrs. Sinclair (the patroness of the school) had given her estimable favorite to amuse him during his seclusion, "Honor'd Ma'am, I shall inevitably go mad unless I am instantly taken out of this abominable place." A car was again sent for Thompson, he returned to the school, and there remained for six-and-twenty years, instructing the youth of the neighborhood, and leading the devotions of the congregation, whenever not incapacitated from the performance of these duties by one of his oft-recurring attacks of *D.T.* This honest man had a wife, who, if rumor did not malign her, assisted her husband in his potations as well as in his scholastic labors, she being the schoolmistress. Mrs. Thompson's bed was not altogether one of roses. Thompson was sometimes quarrelsome in his cups, and then the couple would come to blows. After one of these battles Mrs. Thompson used stealthily to resort to Mrs. Sinclair to complain of her husband's brutality. That lady was thereupon constrained to reprimand the model schoolmaster, who always received the rebuke with floods of tears and solemn vows of future amendment, which promises he carried into instant execution by laying his hand on his wife's arm and addressing her as "Mary, me lovey," accompanying the caress by a severe pinch inflicted before the unsuspecting eyes of the lady patroness herself.

Mr. O'Toole and Thompson were devoted friends and allies, and both were decided favorites with their neighbors of the lower orders. The Irish have an undoubted sympathy with, and liking for, a disreputable character *per se*. A gentleman who drinks, swears, squanders his

money, and allows himself to be cheated, is usually a hero in their eyes. A poor man who is a drunkard and probably also addicted to petty thieving is popular among them, whilst the surest way for one of the upper orders to make himself disliked by his compatriots is for him to be unbendingly just and circumspect in his dealings, careless of popularity, and indifferent to the opinion of braggarts and knaves. The man of humble rank who is honest, sober, and straightforward is almost certain to be feared and shunned by his fellows. But apart from all this, and in spite of the absence of many of the finer qualities, such as truthfulness and gratitude, from the national character, the Irish people have an undeniable charm, difficult to define, but possibly over and above the fascination of manner, consisting in a power of superficial sympathy with what appeals to them at the moment, and an instinctive poetic temperament that leads them to be carried away by ideals, faulty though such often are.

The indulgence to drunkards is carried very far, and often shown practically. In Tubbermore lived a certain Father O'Leary, who subsisted very much in the manner formerly called "coshering," that is, he wandered from house to house, living in each alternately, and receiving board and lodging free. Although a Roman Catholic priest, he did not wear the dress of his order, having been suspended by his bishop for drunkenness. He wandered about with sullen and downcast looks, clad in the rags and tatters of the class from which he had sprung. A more evil-countenanced or forbidding-looking individual it would have been hard to find, and his character did not belie his appearance; nevertheless he was a decided favorite amongst the peasantry, who always saluted him with profound respect, and spoke of him with tender sympathy. "Poor Father O'Leary, but he's an honest poor man, and if he do like a drop now and then, there's not a bit of pride in him, God bless him!" One day, when intoxicated, Father O'Leary mistook the river for the road and walked straight into it, and there he was found a few hours afterwards, livid and stiff, lying face downwards in a deep brown pool, shaded by ash-trees.

To return to Mr. O'Toole. The intercourse between him and Mrs. Sinclair, his principal parishioner, was limited to an annual visit, made by the pastor in his professional capacity, but frank and open-hearted appeals for pecuniary assistance

were frequent, and were made in every shape in which a pretext for an application could present itself. Now a son was going to school and wanted an outfit; again, a prospect of the marriage of a daughter presented itself and a trousseau must be bought; or Mrs. O'Toole's health was delicate and money was required to take her to the seaside. Nor was Mrs. O'Toole behindhand in the Christian endeavor to give a practical outlet to Mrs. Sinclair's charity, her appeals being nearly as frequent and pressing as those of her worse half. One of these letters (the only one, by the way, not asking for money) was so original that I give it at length.

KILCOTTY, March 24th, 18—.

MY DEAR MRS. SINCLAIR,—You will be sorry to hear that my daughter Susan is in trouble, she has been bereaved of the Dr. in Dublin, who for the last two years has been attached to her. Tho' of a Roman Catholic family he was *very enlightened*, and thro' all the mists and superstitions of their false creed was a *true believer*. However I must candidly tell you I had *great* objections to the union in consequence of the bigotry of the family connection. See my dear Mrs. Sinclair the power of prayer—I committed the case to the Lord; poor Susan is in great grief, but she will be led to see it is for the best, and I trust change of air will calm her and *time* will enable her to reason that the Lord *does all things well*. Mr. O'Toole joins me and also my girls in kindest regards to you and your dear daughters. Believe me, dear Mrs. Sinclair, yours very sincerely,

SARAH O'TOOLE.

As this letter contained the first information Mrs. Sinclair had received of the existence of such an individual as "the Dr. in Dublin," she could not of course feel any lively sorrow for his fate, but the reason given for his untimely demise would not fail to excite interest. If the potency of prayer were as dangerous as Mrs. O'Toole held, it might fare hardly with the poor woman herself, should Mr. O'Toole gain an inkling of the weapon at hand, now that he saw the hopes he had grounded on her consumptive tendencies were fallacious.

Immediately after service on the Sunday after the receipt of this letter, the O'Toole family rushed up to the Sinclairs, pouring forth voluble lamentations over the doctor's untimely end.

"Oh! Miss Sinclair," exclaimed Miss Bessie O'Toole in a loud whisper, "did ye never remark that locket that *Soosan* wears round her neck? The doctor's photograph is in it, and whenever she looks at it now, she roars!"

In spite of such deep sorrow for the man of pills and powders, Miss O'Toole was not long before showing a wish that the vacant place in her bereaved heart should remain untenanted as short a time as possible. She laid desperate siege to a bilious-looking and threadbare young photographer, but he took fright, gathered up his camera and collection, and fled from Kilcotty. It was a garrison town, and the height of the Misses O'Toole's ambition was to make acquaintance with some unfledged sub-lieutenant on whom to exercise their fascinations.

But to accomplish this was not the easy task that might be supposed. So scanty were the charms of the O'Toole sisterhood that though they "tired their heads," and sat at their window giggling and tittering in their most irresistible manner whenever "one of the army" came in sight, sometimes even going the length of kissing their hands or flinging a flower from their palpitating bosoms, to the astonished warrior, their blandishments were in vain; they never succeeded in inveigling a son of Mars into their net, and finally had to stoop to less ambitious game.

The first startling change that I remember in Tubbermore Church was the dismissal of Thompson, who, after thirty years of intermittent intoxication, was one fine day dismissed by Mrs. Sinclair for having once been drunk. After his departure changes followed thick and fast, till at length came the sweeping measure by which Ireland in general was deprived of an established Church, and Tubbermore in particular of the ministrations of Mr. O'Toole, for that gentleman was amongst the first to avail himself of the advantages attending the mysterious process known as compounding and commuting.

The O'Tooles now live at a watering-place greatly patronized by the beauty and fashion among the middle classes and shopkeepers of the county. Before leaving Mr. O'Toole got up a testimonial to himself, to which the parishioners gladly subscribed in gratitude for his departure. Mrs. O'Toole still lives, her husband not having yet discovered "the power of prayer." A report reached the parish that Miss "Soosan" had succeeded in enslaving a respectable retired coastguardsman, who had distinguished himself on some occasion by acting as cook on board an admiral's flagship.

A highly orthodox and very dull divine occupies the pulpit once racy with the utterances of the Rev. Thomas O'Toole,

and most of the humors of Tubbermore are now reckoned amongst the things of the past.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GLIMPSES OF CARLYLE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE SIR LEWIS PELLY.

MANY among us feel that our lives have been largely influenced by some one man or book that we chanced to become acquainted with in early youth.

I was lying idle on the deck of a P. and O. steamer, wondering whether life was worth living, when my hand happened to light on a tattered volume of Carlyle's "Miscellanies," in which I found his essay on Burns and his second essay on Goethe. These papers read to me almost like a new revelation of life, and seemed to show that when earnestly regarded, the future, even of a lieutenant in the East India's Company's service, was susceptible of development. On reaching England I fell in with "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present," works which yet further attracted me to their author. Shortly afterwards Mr. Carlyle invited me to his house in Cheyne Row; but on presenting myself at the door an elderly Scotch female intimated that her master was engaged and did not see people. I said that I had come by appointment, upon which I was conducted to the top of the house, where I found Mr. Carlyle seated at a small table in the middle of a sort of prophet's chamber. A yet smaller table, with some books on it, stood against a double window. There was nothing else in the room, except two or three chairs. He welcomed me very kindly, and began talking of the north-west frontier of India. He seemed much interested about General John Jacob and his work with the Scinde Horse in the Bolan desert. I explained that my old chief, though employed in the command of cavalry, was yet a man of original thought and of an organizing and constructive mind. Mr. Carlyle had evidently been reading some of the general's diatribes against the foolishness of governments and religious cant. He objected that Jacob was too profuse of the superlative degree; and I remarked that I had often brought this characteristic under the notice of the general, suggesting that if he would begin with the positive he could hold the comparative and superlative in

reserve, while by commencing with the superlative there was nothing left but to expand into big print and underlinings. "And what did Jacob say?" asked Carlyle. "He said, that what he wrote was God's truth, and it could not be printed too large."

Mr. Carlyle then launched out upon the advantages of a life of action and military discipline; he advised me utterly to avoid that great froth ocean called literature, and specially the thing called poetry. I submitted that he himself had mainly attracted me to letters, and that I understood his life had been passed in printing his genius upon the age. "Yes," he said, "I am a writer of books; and once in a century a man may write a book worth reading. But the truth is, in early life I could not make anything of it, when some one told me that I should find what I wanted among the Germans, and thus I came upon Goethe. But for all that life is an action and not a thought, and you had better stick to your work on the frontier and life will open round you." He finished by asking me to come to him again; and a day or two afterwards wrote me a note in a very small hand, inviting me to accompany him to a dinner at Lord Ashburton's. I went accordingly, and sat next to a gentleman who proved to be Mr. Nassau Senior, and who soon engaged me in a conversation on political economy. I ventured to differ from him, and he was explaining to me that I knew very little of the subject, when Mr. Carlyle, from the other side of the table, burst in, saying that I was quite right, and telling Mr. Senior that he had driven God out of the universe, and would soon not let them have even the poor old devil. I need not add that I was greatly relieved by this interruption, and left the two giants to fight the battle out. On leaving, Mr. Carlyle called a four-wheeler, and said he would drive me as far as Hyde Park Corner, where our ways parted. No sooner had we started than he fired up on the politics of the day, and was anything but complimentary to Parliament and the Foreign Office; he became so excited that he stood up and swayed his arms about, quite astonishing me by the fact that a man of genius who largely dominated the thought of his time should so agitate himself with matters which I, at that time, regarded as of little real importance. But he thundered on, and I did not attempt to get a word in even edgewise. At length the cab drew up, and we found ourselves at his door, whence I walked home to the other side of Hyde Park.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Carlyle asked me to tea, and, with Mrs. Carlyle, received me in his simply furnished drawing-room. He soon worried me into an argument and upset everything I ventured to advance. Tea over, he went to the mantelpiece and filled his pipe which he smoked often, and which I suspect affected his digestion, for he complained more than once of dyspepsia, and I ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him. "Yes," he said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very meeserable; so I took to it again, and was very meeserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be meeserable than to go without." His pipe being filled he descended, as was his wont, to the small garden in rear of the house, to commune with the Eternal Silences. But just as he was closing the door Mrs. Carlyle called out, "Why, when Mazzini was here the other night, you took the side of the argument that Mr. Pelly did this evening." Carlyle, putting his head round the door, merely said, "And what's the use of a man if he cannot take two sides of an argument?"

Sometime afterwards I was sitting in his room when the conversation turned upon Goethe. I remarked that I had been much puzzled, when reading "Wilhelm Meister," by a diagram representing something between a key and a cross, and that I could not make out what it meant; he looked at me intently from under his beetling brows, and said, "No *moore* can I." But perceiving that I was a little disappointed he continued, "Well, you know Goethe used to keep several works on hand, and hang his manuscript up in bags; and I suppose that one day he must have pulled "Wilhelm Meister" down and scratched this cross while thinking of what he should say next." He then explained that Goethe was the many-sided liberator of the thought of Germany, and the germ of most that had come out since, whether in action or science.

I find it difficult to recall many of his serious sallies, for what chiefly rested on my mind were his quaint sayings uttered with a half-humorous expression of face. His language in conversation, as in his writings, was often in sledge-hammer fashion, and yet it did not sound so, for his manner was kindly, natural, and at intervals almost tender. I was so engrossed with the man that it was not until after his death that I became aware of his origin and his honorable poverty. Had I known the latter when the cab pulled up

at his door, assuredly he should not have paid the half-crown for me. But he seemed too great for me to venture to intrude my mite.

Eventually I returned to the East, and was ordered to ride from the capital of Persia to the Indian frontier, in view to reporting on the political condition of the intervening territories. I was at Herat in 1860, when the Persian army, beaten by the Turcomans, was retreating along the line of the Moorgab; and when on this, and other public accounts, affairs were somewhat disturbed, and one's head at times felt a little loose on one's shoulders. I was lying one evening outside the walls of the Herat Fort, under the starlight and near the singularly beautiful mausoleum of the Timur family, when it occurred to me that I was unaccountably calm and happy for an ordinary man who found himself a thousand miles away from any other European, and surrounded by excitable Asiatics, some of whom had old blood feuds with the Indian government. On reflection, however, I attributed my mental condition to the influence of Carlyle, and I remember repeating to myself the lines which he had translated from Goethe, and which in that, as in many other crises, have shot strength and solace into my heart:—

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us — onward.

And solemn before us
Veiled the dark Portal,
Goal of all Mortal.
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

Whilst earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error:
Perplexing the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices —
Heard are the sages,
The World's and the Ages:
"Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work and despair not."

The next morning I went into the bazaar and selected a finely woven camel's-hair robe, and a small Persian prayer-

carpet of exquisite color and texture, and resolved to carry both of them with me through Afghanistan and Beloochistan for transmission to Cheyne Row. These articles, in fact, formed my only luggage, besides what was contained in my saddlebags. The robe and rug reached Mr. Carlyle in due course, and many years afterwards my friend Miss F. told me that he had placed the little carpet under his writing-table in the upper chamber, and that the camel's-hair robe had been turned into a sort of dressing-gown, and used by him to the end of his life. She added, that it was this robe in which the late Sir Edgar Boehm had enveloped Carlyle's sitting figure, now placed in the Chelsea Gardens, and that the little carpet had been taken by Carlyle in a fit of tenderness to the dressing-table of his wife. Recalling these statements, I remember the fable of the earthen vessel which an Oriental picked out of the stream, and, bringing it to his nostrils addressed it: "Why, you must be made of roses." "No," replied the vessel, "I am only an earthen pot; but I used to hold rose-leaves, and still keep their scent."

But I have omitted to mention two remnants of conversation; one related to Miss Martineau, who had been extremely kind to me when in London, honoring me by correspondence, and associating my name with her contributions to the *Daily News*. Asking Mr. Carlyle his estimate of her genius, and alluding in particular to her able summary of the Positive Philosophy, he paused for a moment, and then said slowly, "Well, she is the sort of a woman that would have made a good matron in a hospital." I did not continue the subject. The other conversation related to Frederick the Great, whose history he was then writing. He explained that his view of Frederick was that he found himself set to govern a country with a simply insufferable frontier, and that Frederick had therefore, by the only possible means, namely, drilled force, resolved to render his frontier a tolerable one, and moderately secure against surrounding enemies. I asked him what he thought of Frederick's cavalry generals, Seidlitz and Ziethen. "Well," he said, "they were just famous gallopers." Now this was, perhaps, the only subject upon which my philosopher and guide could have roused me into contradiction. But fresh from my cavalry general, and imbued with all his lessons concerning the cavalry genius of Hannibal, Cromwell, Hyder Ali, and others, I rejoined some-

what sharply: "And do you not think, Mr. Carlyle, that as much genius can be shown in the handling of cavalry as in the writing of books?" "Well," he said, "there is something in that." So I went on to expound to him what General Jacob had taught me about the fifteen campaigns of Hannibal, the battle of Dunbar, where the Lord delivered the enemy into the hand of Cromwell, and the letter of Hyder Ali to the English general. I concluded by referring to the battle of Rossbach, where Seidlitz, in command of the cavalry, repeatedly refused to obey the order of the king to charge until the right moment arrived, when he forthwith swept the foe from the field. Mr. Carlyle looked interested, but said nothing. When "The History of Frederick the Great" appeared, however, I was amused to find that Seidlitz and Ziethen had become great cavalry commanders, and that no mention was made of "famous gallopers." The thoughts of an age are the heritage of the age in common; but he who, passing those thoughts through the alembic of his own genius, reproduces them in language which men will not willingly let die, stamps the age with his image and superscription, and his works shine on through a long posterity. It was thus that Shakespeare, chancing to light on an old and unknown sonnet, turned it, by a stroke of his pen, into the deathless lines now inscribed below his statue in Westminster Abbey: "Style gives immortality."

After many years I again returned from the East, and again met Carlyle, but he seemed to me an altered man. The enthusiasm was gone, and he appeared to take less interest in men and in affairs. The last time I saw him he was passing into the London Library. He looked aged, bent, and hopelessly sad; the wreck of a long and of a well-spent life. I lifted my hat to him, but he did not seem really to recognize me, and so he disappeared into the library, and not long after, through death, into eternity. I am told that in his last hours he repeated Garth's lines:—

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests
 roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

But this is hearsay; and it is not thus that my mind's eye beholds him. I prefer to imagine those dreamily intent eyes regarding us from eternity's stillness, for death is not a curtain with a skull behind it.

As to his books, I find that Carlyle's

writings still survive, and that some among them are more than ever read by the people. His later efforts never attracted me, and it irritates my flesh to read through "Frederick;" but England is now realizing much that was predicted in "Past and Present." His "Sartor" has appeared like a new revelation, and his "Hero Worship" has taught many a young trifler to become earnest in thought and courageous in work. His essays influenced the lives of many, for he knew how to lift and cheer the existence of another, although he was incapable of rendering his own life cheerful. Emerson said of him that he was a "marvellous child."

Still more recently I was invited by some friends to look over Carlyle's old dwelling-place. Arriving at the door, I found the number changed, and panes of glass smashed in the dining-room window. Inside the house was desolate and bare; its rooms quite mute; its tenants passed away. In the drawing-room I whispered to my friend, "I see things here you cannot see; he sat there;" and there between the windows stood the little couch on which she rested with her pet dog. Passing into the back room, a druggist's bottle stood on the mantelpiece labelled, for Mrs. Carlyle, and half-filled with medicine, which she will never take. Looking out of the window, the little garden had all gone astray, and the walls stared empty on one another. I turned from the scene as one turns from the ambitions of life on finding at last what folly they are. Still Carlyle, though dead, yet speaketh, and his works do follow him—

Onward, upward, his soul's flight,
Round him dawns eternal break;
All is bright, all is bright!

From Temple Bar.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF GOUNOD.

CHRISTMAS eve, many, many years ago.

It had been bitterly cold all day, and towards night a white mist had risen from the turbid, swollen river, wrapping its banks and the streets abutting on it in a semi-opaque cloud that shed weird, fantastic shadows on the familiar landmarks and objects all round, and transformed them into so many ghoul-like, uncouth monsters, startling the belated wayfarers and causing them to hurry on towards the wished-for haven—home. The clock of Notre-Dame had just boomed forth eight

strokes, but the sound fell with a dull thud upon the air and scarcely roused an echo. All but the main thoroughfares leading southward from the Seine were deserted, and in the long, narrow Rue Mazarine, behind the Institute of France, there were not a dozen people abroad. The few that were paid no attention whatsoever to a tall old man who was dragging himself painfully along towards the quay, standing still now and then to indulge in a prolonged shiver, because, apparently, he had not the strength to shiver and to be moving at the same time. He leant heavily on a thick stick while his left arm held closely pressed against his body an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handkerchief.

He was but thinly clad, in fact, he represented the shorn human creature to whom, unlike to the lamb under similar conditions, the wind was not tempered. A pair of summer trousers, and a threadbare coat, buttoned up to the chin, probably to hide the absence of linen, were all the armor against the raw, icy moisture that fell from above and trickled profusely down his flowing white beard and hair, the latter crowned by a broad-brimmed soft hat pulled over the eyes, as a means, perhaps, to escape recognition, though recognition, Heaven knows, would perhaps have been the best thing that could have befallen him.

When the old man got to the riverside, he stood for a moment undecided, then crossed the Pont-des-Arts, looking neither to the right nor left; maybe, the water would have proved too strong a temptation to lie down and "have done with it," and he would not yield to it. Entering by the southern gate, he made his way across the Place du Carrousel and the maze of ill-smelling slums which in those days separated the Tuileries from the Palais-Royal, and at last found himself in the centre of fashionable Paris, for half a century ago the erstwhile residence of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin could still lay claim to that title. He seemed fairly dazzled by the lights, the bustle of the crowd, "on enjoyment bent," and made the turn of the gardens several times, apparently unable or afraid to come to a decision. In another moment, however, he stopped in the Fountain's Court under a wooden awning at the angle of that busy passage. He firmly planted his back against the wall, put his stick within reach of him, and began undoing the parcel he had carried under his left arm. It contained a violin and its bow. Having examined its strings,

he carefully folded his handkerchief in four, placed it on his left shoulder and began to tune his instrument. But at the first notes of the sad and sentimental romance he endeavored to play, the poor fellow himself stood aghast, while a couple of irreverential urchins whom the sound had attracted to the spot, set up a derisive howl and belabored him with merciless chaff. He stopped short and sank down on the steps of the alley, his instrument on his knees, murmuring to himself: "Great God! I can no longer play," while a big sob choked all further utterance.

He had been sitting thus for several minutes, when at the other end of the passage there entered a party of three young men who were evidently in high spirits, for they sang as they went; they sang a ditty very popular in those days with the students of the *Conservatoire de Musique*. They did not see the old fiddler, for one stumbled against his outstretched leg, and a second almost knocked his hat off his head, while the third positively drew back startled as the old man rose proudly, but despondingly, to his feet.

"I am sure, we are very sorry, monsieur, and beg your pardon, but we did not see you. I hope we did not hurt you?" said the latter.

"No, you did not hurt me," was the answer while the speaker stooped to pick up his hat; but his interlocutor was too quick for him, and handed it to him. Then, and then only, he noticed the instrument in the old man's hands.

"You are a musician, monsieur?" he said deferentially.

"I was so once," sighed the old man, while two big tears coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; seeing which the three young men came closer to him.

"What is the matter?" they asked all at once. "Do you feel ill, and can we do anything for you?"

For a moment the old man preserved a deep silence, then, with a look that would have melted a heart of stone, held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God," he whispered softly. "I can no longer earn my living with my instrument; my fingers have become stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want."

This time it was the young fellows' turn to be silent. Confusion was written on their faces, and for the first time in their lives perhaps, they felt ashamed, nay, angry at being poor. They all fumbled in their pockets, but the result of their investigations was lamentable; the combined

capital of two was sixteen sous, the third only produced a small cube of rosin, without which the violinist scarcely ever stirs abroad. They kept looking at one another for a few moments, then one spoke up.

"Sixteen sous is of no use, friends; we want more, much more than that to relieve our fellow-artist. A pull, and a strong pull all together. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go round with the hat."

In the twinkling of an eye the preparations for carrying out the project are finished; coat-collars are turned up, the hair is brought over the features to disguise them, and to make detection still more difficult, hats are tilted forward to conceal the eyes. Then the young fellow who has been the prime mover in the whole, gives the signal to start.

"It is Christmas eve, Adolphe," he says, "and remember that at this performance the Almighty is as likely to be among the audience as not. So do your very best."

And Adolphe does his very best, assuredly; for scarcely have the first notes of the "*Carnaval de Venise*" fallen upon the air than every window round about is flung wide open, disclosing eager listeners, while below in the galleries and gardens of the *Palais-Royal*, the passers-by stop as if rooted to the spot or else retrace their steps to swell the serried group slowly gathering round the performer. And when the last notes have died away, there is a frantic shout of approval, while the hat of the old man, placed by the lamp-post is rapidly filling, not only with copper but with silver coins also.

The three young fellows do not allow the excitement to cool; in another moment the strains of the violin are heard again, but now they accompany a voice of marvellous sweetness, compass, and purity—that of Gustave, who sings the favorite cavatina from "*La Dame Blanche*" in such a manner as to keep his listeners spell-bound. Meanwhile the audience has assumed unwonted proportions, and when the singer has finished, it positively "rains money," which the promoter of the entertainment has all his work to pick up. But he is determined that the harvest shall be a good one, and shielding his face as much as possible from the now very interested gaze of his public, he continues his collection.

"One more tune," he whispers to his companions, "and then we have done. You, Adolphe, while accompanying us,

bring out those bass-notes of yours; I'll take the baritone part, and you, Gustave, my brave tenor, give us some more of your angel's strains. The heavens will open and the larks drop ready-roasted into the old man's mouth. Let us have the trio from 'Guillaume Tell' to finish up with; and, mind, we are singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for a charitable purpose."

There was no need of the reminder, the artistic spirit of the young fellows had been aroused already, and though the attendant circumstances of their performance were strange — some might have said humiliating — they sang and played as probably they never sang and played in after life, when the most critical of European audiences hung upon their lips and instrument; they sang and played so as to galvanize into life the old man himself, who in the beginning had remained seated on the steps, but who now grasped his stick and led the trio with an authoritative gesture that bespoke the practised musician. He stood perfectly erect, the eyes so dull and listless but half an hour ago, flashed with intense excitement, he looked transformed, and the executants themselves felt that they were obeying a master.

The performance was at an end, the crowd slowly dispersed — not without comments. "They are not street players," said some, "their voices are too fresh for that." "Street players," replied others, "of course they are not, they have done this for a wager, or perhaps they were hard up, and wanted a good lump sum for their Christmas supper." "Well, they have got it," said a third section, "that hat contains a great deal more money than we think. I saw two different gentlemen throw in a gold piece."

It was true; the hat contained a comparatively large sum; the well-to-do and critical among the audience, not stopping to enquire the hidden motives of the *al-*

fresco entertainment and merely bent upon testifying their approval, had given without stint, and when the chequered handkerchief was tremblingly unfolded to receive the contents of the hat, the old man stood speechless with surprise and joy. Then he gasped:—

"Your names; give me your names, that I may bless them on my death-bed; that my daughter may remember them in her prayers."

"My name is Faith," said the first young man.

"My name is Hope," said the second.

"My name is Charity," said the third, who had looked to the financial success of the undertaking.

"And you do not even know mine," sobbed the old man. "I might have been the merest impostor. My name is Chapner; I am an Alsatian, and for ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strassburg. It is there I had the honor to mount 'Guillaume Tell.' Since I left my native country, misfortune has pursued me. You have saved mine and my daughter's life, for, thanks to you, we'll be able to go back. My daughter will recover her health in her native air, and among those I know there will be found a place for me, to teach what I can no longer perform. But I tell you, you shall be great among the greatest, when I am gone."

"Amen," said the three young fellows as they led the old musician gently into the street and shook hands with him for the last time.

But in spite of their attempted disguise, they had been recognized by one of the crowd, who told the tale.

The name of the young violinist was Adolphe Hermann; that of the tenor was Gustave Roger, and the originator of the entertainment and collector still answers to that of Charles Gounod.

The old man's prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

A HINDOO'S ELABORATE PURIFICATION.—Naaman would not have objected to this method of purification as too simple. A Fyzabad Hindoo who had been outcasted for the offence of eating cooked food in a railway train while there were persons of other castes in the same carriage with him has been restored to caste. The erring individual, although not a wealthy man, had sufficient means to pay the cost of purification. He was first weighed in pice, and was valued

at one hundred and eighty rupees, and after that in wheat. After the weighing he was made to sit on a square stone and his body covered with dirt, the face only excepted; he was then taken up by two men and thrown into the river, and after a good bath he came out and was received by the Brahmins, fully restored to caste fellowship. The Brahmins informed the purified individual that a great favor had been conferred on him in weighing him in copper instead of silver.